The ARYAN PATH

Vol. XXXIII FEBRUARY 1962 No. 2

CONTENTS

India and the Americas in the Future (Editorial) 47

Eagle's Nest—Leangkollen—*By Florence E. Pettit* 50

What Is Man?—*By P. T. Raju* 52

St.-John Perse's "Anabase": A Study—II—*By K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar* 57

Ignace Jan Paderewski: 1860-1941: An Appreciation— *By Czeslaw Raymond Halski* 63

The Eternal Snowman—*By Odette Tchernine* 68

Honour and Nobility—*By D. Gurumurti* 73

New Books and Old—

Contemporary British Humanism—*By B. Farrington* 74

Reviews—*By K. Guru Dutt, S. N. L. Shrivastava, Hugh I'A. Fausset, Marcus Ward, Kenneth Walker, Herbert Bluen, H. G. Narahari, Prema Nandakumar, F. Seymour Smith, D. Gurumurti, S. Basu and C. B.* 76

The Indian Institute of World Culture—Civilization at the Crossroads—I—*By S. L. Bhatia* 84

A Letter from London—*By Sunder Kabadi* 88

Leaves from a Paris Diary—*By Baldoon Dhingra* 90

Ends and Sayings 93

"THEOSOPHY HALL," NEW MARINE LINES — BOMBAY, INDIA

THE ARYAN PATH

ORGAN OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

Editor: SOPHIA WADIA

Assistant Editor: RAMESHCHANDRA SIRKAR

ADDRESSES

Editorial Office:	"THEOSOPHY HALL" 40, New Marine Lines Bombay 1
Managerial Office:	No. 1/1, Bugle Rock Road Basavangudi Bangalore 4
London Office:	62, Queen's Gardens London, W. 2
Indian Institute of World Culture	No. 6, Shri B. P. Wadia Road Basavangudi Bangalore 4

* * * * *

CONTRIBUTIONS—The Editor is responsible for unsigned articles only and is not necessarily in agreement with the views of the contributors, to whom free expression of opinion is given.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—THE ARYAN PATH is published monthly. No subscriptions are accepted for less than twelve months, but subscriptions may begin with any desired number. All orders should be accompanied by the necessary remittance to the Manager, THE ARYAN PATH, 1/1, Bugle Rock Road, Bangalore 4, or to our London Office at 62, Queen's Gardens, London, W. 2.

PRICES:

India—Single copy 75 *naye paise*; per annum Rs. 6.00

Europe—Single copy 1*s*. 6*d*; per annum 12*s*. or equivalent.

Americas—Single copy 35 cents; per annum $3.00

All post free

Available in the U.S.A. from

Eastern News Distributors

255, Seventh Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Back numbers are available on special application

THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

VOL. XXXIII FEBRUARY 1962 No. 2

INDIA AND THE AMERICAS IN THE FUTURE

[WE reprint this editorial from THE ARYAN PATH for September 1941. —ED.]

PEOPLE bemoan that this terrible war will mean the end of civilization in Europe. And as Europe has been the centre of civilization for centuries, they therefore conclude that it is the end of civilization as a whole. The lesson which the long history of the human race teaches is quite different. Culture has ever graced the human race — one country or more in every cycle. Never has there been a period of total barrenness in every continent simultaneously. Asia was enlightened when Europe was steeped in the darkness of ignorance. India supplied her fabrics to Egypt and Rome when Lancashire was not on the map. And so on. From the dawn of humanity, mankind has never been without its light, though that light did not always shine the world over at one and the same time.

So European civilization is bound to perish — if not now, then a few decades or centuries hence. But civilization as such will never die. Its centre will be transferred to the Americas — from Canada to Argentine. This transfer of civilization did not begin with the last war of 1914-1918. It began earlier, when groups of Europeans sailed Westward to settle in the newly found lands. British and French, Portuguese and Spaniards and others who colonized those continents and settled thereon were the first germs who carried European thought and tradition to those new lands. These were old, old lands on which civilizations grander and mightier than that of Europe had flourished, decayed and died in the distant past. The Red Indians, the Aztecs, the Incas were not young savages; they were the final remnants of human family races

very highly cultured as their architecture and religious traditions well show. Early European settlers in their ignorance did not realize that these native tribes were not bands of savages, sprung from and one remove from the ape kingdom, but that they were the last survivors of races who had built civilizations not only as good as the European one, but even far superior. The treatment meted out to these heirs of ancient cultures, then in their downward cycle, was unfortunate, to say the least. Cruel wrongs have the European settlers and their progeny perpetrated on the sons and daughters of the soil, and whatever the Karma which brought this suffering upon them, there is no doubt that cruelty perpetrated and injury done must be paid for by the modern Americans and their heirs. The mighty Spanish Empire perished and its South American colonies became instrumental in dealing it a death-blow, thus working out part of the Nemesis.

The Law of Justice rules the invisible sphere of morality as its material counterpart of cause and effect infallibly governs the visible. The decay of any civilization and its ultimate death does not come from outside; the seeds of death are within that civilization itself. Europe is destroying herself today as she has been doing for some years past, and the process will continue for a long time to come. This war will destroy one phase, and an important one, of European civilization. Very definite signs are there to point to the fact that the Americas will provide the guiding forces of civilization in the future. The world will look not to Europe, but to the Americas — the centre of civilization will not be in Paris, London, and Berlin, but in Washington, New York, Los Angeles and Chicago.

We in India ought to know that the rise and fall of empires and civilizations matter little; for we have the knowledge of yugas or cycles, of the days and nights of Brahmā. What are we taught? That all forms of matter disintegrate, and only the spiritual Soul survives; that that immortal Soul ever builds new forms, new bodies. Not only is this true for men, but also for molecules; and as equally true of kingdoms which men build, as of the myriad forms of minerals and vegetables and animals which Nature builds. That which is born is bound to die; that which is uncreate, birthless and deathless, never perishes. And so, the British Empire will go as others have gone — Rome and Greece, Egypt and Iran; and on old soils new transformations will take place when time has worked its healing and cleansing tasks.

No, the regret of Europe should not be that its civilization is waning; but that in its strength, in its palmy days it did not build

itself on selfless spiritual lines. That as an elder and leader it taught and exemplified incorrect ways of life and labour. That it rejected Pythagoras and Plato and the Neo-Platonists and adopted the lore of the Aristotelians. That it rejected Jesus and Paul and accepted the Popes and the Bishops. That it rejected its idealists and followed the plans of rank materialists. In their dealing with the natives of Africa, America, Asia, Europeans played the rôle of the exploiter instead of that of the trustee. They looted the poor instead of helping them to live out their destiny and serve the world in their company.

Like Europe in the past, North and then South America will rise to eminence and power; but what will they do with their eminence and their power? Inheriting European tendencies, will they fall prey to the darkness now threatening the old continents? Or will the Americas rejecting selfishness, avarice, the right of might and adopting the ways of Jesus and Pythagoras and Their Illustrious Predecessors live in might of right, labour in the strength of righteousness? That is the question which the citizens of the Americas will have to answer in the coming centuries.

But what about India? For thousands of years this vast country has been called the Land of the Nobles. It was able to maintain that position because its people — rulers and ruled alike — followed the Religion of Duty and Law enshrined in the single word Dharma. When selfishness, ambition, and sensuality gathered force and nobility waned, they attracted ambitious Alexanders and others — selfish and sensual and arrogant. Her poverty and degradation do not seem to have sufficiently impressed the sons and daughters of India for the last thousand years and more, and so India's poverty continues to grow grim, her helplessness to become worse. Unlike the Americas we of India are not called upon to build a brand new civilization on a soil that is new to us; we are called upon to transform our social polity, uprooting what has been foreign to Dharma — the Religion of Duty and Law, of Order and Beauty. Indian culture and Indian civilization have never been overpowered by creedalism; whenever creedalism raised its ugly head, India produced from within her ranks a Buddha, an Asoka. When creedalism — religious, social or political — became powerful, foreign invasions began, but even these have not overthrown the tolerance of thought and the deep-hearted spiritual perception native to the Soul of Aryavarta. That Soul, with its capacity to assimilate the true, the good, the beautiful, has absorbed what the Greeks brought, what the Muslims and the Moghuls brought, what the Europeans brought.

The future of the world will be very greatly fashioned by the U.S.A. — the newest family of the Occident — and by our India — the spiritual mother of humanity. Old Asiatic countries like China and Iran, old European lands like those of the Vikings and others, will no doubt give their contributions, but history points to a New Civilization arising out of the proper blending of American and Indian cultures. If the task of the Americas is to free themselves from the weaknesses inherited from Europe, that of India is to wipe out whatever false distinctions there remain rooted in creedalism, in sectarianism, in religiosity. The true in Buddhism, Christianity, Jainism, Judaism, Islam, Sikhism, Vedic-ism and Zoroastrianism is the same; the good built in our polity by Rama, Asoka, Akbar is a common heritage; the beautiful created at Ujjain, Ajanta, Agra inspires us all. That spirit of unity must enter our minds and reveal that India is one, indivisible and immortal in her Soul, and that differences of areas and eras confirm that truth. Such a realization in our own home will unfold in us the strength to serve our fellowmen abroad.

EAGLE'S NEST—LEANGKOLLEN

ABOUT SIXTY DELEGATES, both men and women, attended the one-week International Seminar held near Oslo during the summer of 1961. The theme "East-West, Cultural Co-existence?" was based on UNESCO's East-West Major Project.

The Seminar, arranged by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, was held with the assistance of the Norwegian National Commission for UNESCO and with grants from the Norwegian Nobel Committee and from the Royal Norwegian Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

Students — their ages ranged from the early twenties to the late fifties — came from Australia, Ceylon, Israel, Korea, Madagascar and India, as well as from Europe and the Scandinavian countries. The language spoken was English.

One wonders, at these summer schools, whether the deeper values do not lie not so much in study circle or lecture room as in the sharing of meals, of walks and talks, of sight-seeing expeditions (surely French predominated in the coach) and in the singing of national songs. *National* songs? Not when England joined with France to sing "Frère Jacques" and "D'Avignon"; not when a Jewish lullaby started by an Israeli member was hummed by everyone; not when a Norwegian read poetry by Rabindranath Tagore; and certainly not when the member from Scot-

land, who led the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," was seen with moist eyes and trembling lips when the song was plucked from her by a student from the Ivory Coast, who sang it softly in his native tongue. Unconscious mockery was made also of man-made boundary lines on maps when an Indian delegate in her colourful sari was seen playing table-tennis with an Aussie from down-under.

We sampled one another's dishes. We did so much more than co-exist. We learnt to give and take, and then to laugh and like and love. East-West; old-young; black-white — these divisions melted and customs and taboos dissolved with them.

"I'm not going to be dominated by women," said a boy from Ceylon on the first night. It wasn't long before he was "eating out of the hands" of a gentle member of the W.I.L.P.F., and laughing at his own words.

There were fine speakers for the Plenary Sessions: Sushila Nayar, Member of the Indian Parliament; Dr. Axel Hojer, of Sweden, a doctor of medicine, and an earnest worker for WHO, in India, Assam and Ghana; Diderich H. Lund, engineer, Chairman of the Norwegian Commission on UNESCO's East-West programme and for five years leader of the Indo-Norwegian Project in Kerala, India; Johan Galtung, and his wife Ingrid, sociologists; Fujiko Isono, sociologist, author, and teacher of English at Tokyo University; Arne Klausen, anthropologist; and Professor Gjessing, archæologist (among other things he had organized the raising of one of the Viking ships we saw).

After talks and discussions we relaxed, to watch films and slides of Norway, China and India. We came together, using the media of plane, train, car and ship, yet drawn surely by a spiritual longing — the need to integrate our varying personalities in a deeper understanding of what it means to be a world citizen in these vital times. Like cultures seen beneath a microscope, we joined together briefly and parted again. But in our coming together, we mingled and absorbed something precious from one another's thoughts and ideologies.

Time and distance may appear to have separated us now, yet we who participated know, deep down within us, that an essence born of our mutual longing to unite was marvellously distilled.

We carry its fragrance still.

FLORENCE E. PETTIT

WHAT IS MAN?

[**Dr. P. T. Raju** is well known to our readers. At present he is Merton Gastprofessor at the University of Mainz, West Germany. He brings it home that "What is Man?" is a life-and-death question. But he insists wisely on the need of reverence and caution before such a subject. Dr. Raju urges no dogma, but affirms the need to gather and fuse together the elements of insight to be found in the many traditions of philosophical and spiritual wisdom; and he outlines some such from Indian philosophy. He criticizes only that barren sceptical subtlety which would take out of our study of man the salutary touch of wonder and awe.—Ed.]

The question "What is Man?" would be the easiest to answer if we could only point to some human individual and say, "That is man." But it is the most difficult of all questions if we begin to think what he is. Plato would say that the true man is the ideal man; all others are only approximations to man and to that extent false. But who is the ideal man? To understand Plato's answer one has to read all his works. In contemporary thought the concept of man has become so important that a vast amount of literature has appeared in many languages. First, the dissatisfaction with many systems of philosophy, which have made matter, life, reason, spirit or something else the primary principle of philosophy and which have sought to explain what man is and how he ought to live in terms of that principle, has given rise to one philosophical movement, started by Max Scheler and called Philosophical Anthropology, which would judge each philosophy by the justice it has been able to do man, his life and his ideals, and by the insight it is able to show into his nature. Philosophical Anthropology is not a philosophical understanding of the Absolute, Nature, Mathematics, or Logic, but of man and of the contribution which each of the other undertakings can make to the understanding of man! Then, by the side of this Philosophical Anthropology have appeared other studies like Christian Anthropology, which is a study of man according to Christianity. There are other studies like that of "man according to the Orthodox Greek Church," "The Communist Man," "The Democratic Man," and so forth.

What is the importance of these studies, if man is so simple an object to understand as proposed in Aristotle's definition, "Man is a rational animal," or as in some other definitions like "Man is a laughing animal" and "Man is a political animal"? Do not these studies simply introduce another "chaos" into philosophy? A young lad is said to have remarked after the First World War: "I do not know the significance

of this war; it has only increased the amount of material I have to memorize for my history examination." Similarly, a student of philosophy may say that all this research will mean nothing more than another indecisive "chaos" of thought he has to study. But the subject has gained importance as a life-and-death question.

In the contemporary world, no political system is without an ideology and a philosophy. This is particularly characteristic of Marxian communism. And every philosophy contains, either explicitly or implicitly, a concept of man. But, as I said in our book *The Concept of Man,*[1]

> if our philosophy frames an inadequate concept of man and if he is pressed into its mould, either he will break or he will break the mould; and in either case, the result will be human disaster.

Living in the universal anxiety of the possibility of a nuclear war, I need not demonstrate the truth of what is said. It is not merely two great powers which are facing each other armed with the deadliest weapons known to any mythology but two different concepts of man also. Are these concepts true? What have the ancient wise men of the four great philosophical traditions of the world said about man? And what are the truths contained in their teachings? How much of what they say is undeniable and necessary to consider and re-assimilate in the present context? And how can we assimilate it? These are questions the importance of which it would be thoughtless to deny, whatever be the labour and hard thinking required for answering them and for following up our answers.

It is only a sign of lack of maturity and philosophical earnestness to expect a simple definition of man, readily available for conceptual analysis and exposure. The study of man is not carried out by those who pursue it as an intellectual enterprise for offering material for criticism to philosophical beginners. It is an earnest study in a world of anxiety and conflict. Otherwise Pope would not have said that the noblest study of mankind is man himself. This was the view of Socrates in Greece and of Confucius in China. And what do the Indian sages say? The verse of the *Mahabharata* which Dr. Radhakrishnan quotes in his Prefatory Remarks to *The Concept of Man* says that the secret of the Brahman lies in man himself. If the study of man were such a simple study as to end in a definition, the sages would not have said that man contains the secret of the universe. How can a simple definition of man be given,

---

[1] *The Concept of Man : A Study in Comparative Philosophy.* Edited by S. RADHAKRISHNAN and P. T. RAJU. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 1960)

if he contains such a secret? We can only unravel the secret to the best of our ability, show all that we can find in man, and bring it together. The complexity and the depth of man's being is a warning against hasty generalizations about the nature of man, against one-sided definitions and political ideologies based on them or containing them.

Analytical philosophy, particularly logical empiricism, may say that man can be a logical construction and that when once we obtain the construct, we can substitute the construct for man and can have a concept of man. This is a dangerous approach. As man grows, we have to say, the logical construct grows; if he falls in love, we have to say, the logical construct falls in love; similarly, the logical construct fights, meditates, dies, etc. Such a doctrine is a result of what is called "British Scepticism," which seems to outbid Descartes, and even Pyrrho, and maintains that I am to doubt even my own existence. We can see where this position will lead. I am to doubt my existence, and some one has to prove it to me. None can do it, because he has himself to doubt his own existence. Even analogy cannot help him; for there is not a single instance in which his "I" is sure of its own existence, and so it cannot use analogy to show that any other object is a person. If other persons do not exist, and if even I am not sure of my own existence, there is an end to all ethics and spiritual life. One wonders whether such scepticism is really characteristic of the British mind, which is empirical rather then sceptical. This pure scepticism can only be confined to some university circles. Indeed, scepticism has its uses in dispelling false beliefs. But philosophy has a greater aim than that of fostering scepticism and making logical constructions.

Every political ideology has certainly constructed its man. But the question is whether the real man fits into that concept. We have to discover what the nature of man contains, not merely construct him according to our imperfect knowledge, prejudices, and conveniences. Is man a free being? Is he creative? If he is free and creative, how can his freedom and creativity enter a logical construct without breaking it for ever? Have the philosophies of Sartre, Marcel, Heidegger, and Jaspers any truth at all with reference to this point? They may be said to be philosophies of crisis. But the crisis was created not merely by the catastrophies of the last War. Existentialism is older than World War II. It is as much a result of the reaction, right from Hegel's time, against merely logicalistic, analytical, and positivistic philosophies, which naturally led to scepticism about man's inward being, its freedom and creativity.

A young German philosopher, brought up in the classical German tradition of thinking, once observed that scepticism and positivism should be encouraged in a philosophical beginner in order to develop a critical attitude in him; but in a senior thinker it is a sign of lack of earnestness about living problems, of inability to look through the depths of human existence, of reluctance to enter into the complexities of the problems they create, or of mere immaturity. But the problems of our existence are at least as important as those of any other discipline. Lately Lord Russell maintained that they are more important than those of logic, etc.

There is no more profound understanding of man — if we consider the profundity of the conception — than that which the Indian philosophers have given, although they may not have emphasized some aspects of man's nature which other traditions have emphasized. The *Mahabharata* maintains that the secret of the universe lies in man. The late Pandit Motilal Sastri of Jaipur used to teach that man is the Brahman. If so, is it easy to give a simple definition? The *Katha Upanishad* says that man is created with mind and senses directed outwards and so he sees only external objects; only some great man turns them inwards and sees the inward Atma. The Advaitins say that this passage implies that it is wrong to turn the senses outwards and that man should turn them inward and realize his essential nature, which is the Atman. But Pandit Sastri contended that merely to do so is also wrong; for it will reduce man to the Atman. Man includes both the inward and the outward directions. As man, he should know that he is the Atman inwardly and also act with his senses directed outwards; otherwise, he will cease to be man and will become either an animal or mere Atman. Unfortunately, man, so long as he is alive, cannot act as if he is nothing but the Atman. The ideal man is one who knows that he is the Atman and yet acts through his senses, not discarding either his Atman or his senses. Man, as the *Taittiriya Upanishad* says, is a unity of matter, life, mind, reason, the Unconscious, and the Atman, all interrelated in the relation of body and spirit. Although, ultimately, the Atman is everything, man, being simultaneously all the six, is more than the Atman. In this sense, we can appreciate the *Mahabharata* statement that there is nothing greater than man.

Is the above a false view of man? Or is it an obscurantist or chaotic one? Even supposing that the reality of the Atman is doubtful, does man contain the other five or not? To give a negative answer would show ignorance of all that has been done in the natural sciences, psychol-

ogy and philosophy. If man contains the Unconscious, can we define him as a rational animal only? And how far do the depths of the Unconscious reach? Jung tells us that they are unfathomable. Next, we have to introduce man's freedom and creativity. What is it which is their source, and which enables man to be free and creative? Further, we have to add to the Indian concept of man those aspects of man which the Chinese, Jewish and Greek philosophies emphasized, so far as they are found true. The Chinese concept emphasizes his social nature, the Jewish his ethical nature, and the Greek his rational nature. These are not mere supernaturalistic falsities but contain indispensable truths, which are brought together in *The Concept of Man*. When we bring them all together, we obtain a very complex picture of the nature of man. Can we then have a cut-and-dried concept of man — in the ordinary sense of concept — which can be bandied about? We can say at the most that he is a conscious being, that he is a consciousness which is existence itself, with two directions to his being, the outward and the inward. Professor Schneider has touched the truth in his thinking that we do not and cannot have a concept of man, because his being is rooted in the infinite depths of the Spirit within and the vast expanse of the material world without. As such should we understand man. Only then can we recognize and find a place for his freedom and creativity, which are at stake in the contemporary world.

Such a conception of man is necessary. The last two World Wars were fought in the name of the freedom of man. To attempt a logical construction of man is to deny his freedom and to force him into determinate conceptual moulds, whether they be those of the East or the West. Our political ideologies have to recognize his true nature and, in working with it, give scope to it. Otherwise, either man will succeed in breaking the constructions of political ideologies or they will break him, with the result that there will be no need of them when man does not and cannot exist on earth.

P. T. Raju

There is surely a piece of Divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage to the sun.

—Sir Thomas Browne

ST.-JOHN PERSE'S "ANABASE"
A STUDY

[This is the second half of **Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar**'s long and carefully studied appreciation. The first part appeared in January.—Ed.]

II

Leaving the apologists and critics aside, let us now turn to the poem itself, if only in Eliot's nobly articulate translation. While no doubt we are greatly puzzled at first, it is no less true that the poem slowly projects some sort of action on the mind; and presently the poem becomes a starting-point for a chain of experiences — thoughts, feelings, remembrances, anticipations — and although one feels richly rewarded, one knows one can never empty the poem of its whole significance. One will return to it again and again, and one will perhaps see things one had missed before. The obscurity of the poem is neither the result of carelessness, nor does it proceed from a perverse desire to mystify or confuse the reader; it is apparently the very condition under which such a revelation as this can be given to us. In his acceptance speech at Stockholm, the poet remarked that "the gulf between poetic endeavour and the activities of a society subjected to material bondage grows ever wider"; and the poet has to accept this "disenfranchisement... though it is none of his doing." He cannot — indeed under present conditions he must not — behave as though the "gulf" does not exist; he can only talk to those few who are prepared to meet him half-way in the difficult terrain of his choice. And he must also risk the chance of his being misunderstood, or of his not being understood at all. Poetry like *Anabase* is both an invitation and a challenge to the *sahridaya,* a poetic puzzle (if you will) provoking the reader to fill up the gaps in his own (and yet the correct) way, to fill (so to say) the seemingly empty but tempting cup with rich wine of his own choice.

Anabase begins with a "Song," and concludes with another "Song"; and there are ten Cantos in between. From the title itself, and from a quick first reading, one can infer that it is cast in the form of a poetic chronicle of an ascent from the shore of the sea to the desert heights of China in Central Asia. A nomadic people, a leader, a driving force, all three are involved in the campaign. While the hordes follow him and obey his commands and although the driving force — the "Étranger" of the poem, the "Combatant" (of Kazantzakis), the daimon, the "inner" voice — tries to influence him, nevertheless *he* makes the deci-

sive choice, *he* founds the city, *he* leads his people across the desert. "Étranger" is usually translated as "stranger," but the word surely implies much more: an "alien," a "foreigner," an "outsider," a "stranger," perhaps even an "intruder." The Witches pass and put ideas into Macbeth's mind. Satan in the disguise of the Serpent accosts Eve and tells her of the efficacy of the forbidden fruit. Smerdyakov drops hints which find a receptive soil in Ivan Karamazov's consciousness. Suggestions come to us from varied directions, and also from within, from the sinister pockets of the subconscious, or from even deeper levels. Unless an alert and resolute censor is awake at his post, one may fall a victim to the "Étranger" who is doubled with the Tempter. The opening song in *Anabase* seems to strike the key-note of the poem, which is really the drama of the impact of the "Étranger" on the nomadic hero:—

> ... came such an one who laid bitter fruit in our hands. Stranger. Who passed.... Who laughed.... And tells us of an herb.... What ease to our way! how the trumpet rejoices my heart....[5]

The hero would build his city, living three great seasons with his people: "behind us the sea is fair." The city rises at last, and there is no need for encampments; blacksmiths are active, "the cracking of whips in the new streets unloads whole wainsful of unhatched evils," and in the new city there is a place for all — merchants, druggists, bankers, even the street-singers "who paint on their brow the cipher of their god." But no sooner has the city risen than the hero is ill at ease. This sophistication — ease, festivals and scent-bottles! — is chilling, and his soul is already "engaged in far-off matters ... encamped beneath other walls." And the "Étranger" goads the hero's consciousness with fresh thoughts of campaign and conquest:—

> And the Stranger clothed in his new thoughts, acquires still more partisans in the ways of silence: his eye is full of a sort of saliva, there is no more substance of man in him.

Plenty and easy living and pleasure but enervate the hero, and he receives intimations of "exhausted countries" ("decadent democracies," said Hitler) wallowing in sloth and inviting attack; and the hero's thoughts are thus haunted by these visions of "foundation and fortune," and he makes the decision to leave security and court adventure again. "And several great land birds, voyaging westwards, make good likeness

[5] The quotations are from *Anabasis*, the English translation of *Anabase* by T.S. Eliot (1959).

of our sea birds." The march begins, and the pace of the beasts of burden is good:—

> Roads of the world, we follow you. Authority over all the signs of the earth....
>
> A great principle of violence dictated our fashions.

Just when the march and the travail seem endless, there is "sudden at our feet the first smoke." They are at the approaches to a great city's gates, and the conqueror-hero is received by the city, and celebrations follow. The city, with its varied strata of men and complex life and settled traditions, is now the hero's, to be shaped and moulded as he pleases. Yet all this triumph, although so long and so eagerly awaited, tastes as mere wormwood. As to Gray's schoolboy, to the hero also the fancy-fed hoped-for prize is "less pleasing when possest." He would have his "freedom" again, and march on:—

> Plough-land of dream! Who talks of building? — I have seen the earth spread out in vast spaces and my thought is not heedless of the navigator.

The concluding "Song" makes no reference to the "Étranger," whereas he figures prominently in each of the three verses of the opening "Song." The chords are now peaceful. Is the passion for conquest spent, as it was with Asoka after the Kalinga War? Has the nomadic hero released himself from the domination of the "Étranger"?

> I have halted my horse by the tree of the doves, I whistle a note so sweet....
>
> And not that a man be not sad, but arising before day and biding circumspectly in the communion of an old tree, leaning his chin on the last fading star, he beholds at the end of the fasting sky great things and pure that unfold to delight....
>
> Peace to the dying who have not seen this day! But tidings there are of my brother the poet: once more he has written a song of great sweetness. And some there are who have knowledge thereof....

Calm of mind, all passion spent; promise of dawn after a night of wasteful strife; sunrise to knowledge after sessions in the chambers of darkness. Can it be that the hero of campaigns and conquests is now won over to the campaign of winning the peace within (first within, then without), the joys of communion, the "dove-moaning" music of human brotherhood? The "Étranger" has gone, and his place has been taken by *"mais de mon frère le poète"* (no alien now, but a brother; no war-monger, but a poet). "And *some* there are who have knowledge thereof...." Is the hero out now to seek *them*? He has founded a city

on the sea-shore, and he has conquered a city on the desert-heights, and what remains? He will march out again, of course, but for conquest of another kind: the conquest of the tablelands of mind and soul, the storming of the Everest of the Self.

Of course a poem like *Anabase* tells no story set in a precise place-and-time context. There are the co-ordinates — the line of inaction and ease and slothful contentment and the line of discontent and striving and pressing towards a goal — between which the curve of the "action" of the poem winds up, and each reader has to plot the curve for himself. Always more is meant than strikes the ear: the ambiguities, the startling juxtapositions, the bold images tease the reader, but also fascinate him and hold his attention, till at last he makes his own poem out of Perse's — which is but an "open sesame" to one's own poetic sensibility and receptivity. Greed and lust and gluttony breed more and more of the same kind, violence likewise but provokes more violence; and where is the end to this career of "conquest" in a blood-boltered arena, except one's resolute turning away and exploring the Secrets of the Self, traversing Its gulfs of passion and desert-wastes of vain striving, and storming at last and possessing Its central fortress? Ultimately, then, even as the *Mahabharata* war is really fought in the Kurukshetra that is the human heart and soul, the Kuru hordes and the Pandava Princes engaged in a death-grapple on the issue of *dharma*; so, too, the epic drama of *Anabase* is played in the desert Mongolia of the human heart and soul, there is a march, a struggle, a storming of height after height, with further heights beckoning the nomadic traveller of the worlds further and further till there is no more need for such striving — till the violence is exceeded, the desire surpassed, and only the "song of great sweetness" prevails.

The hunt for sources and parallels is an interesting game, and with a poem so enigmatic as *Anabase* the game can hardly be avoided. Apart from such obvious parallels as the *Odyssey* and *Anabasis,* which come wrapped up in the hoariness of antiquity, there are nearer parallels also. For example, there is in Byron's play *The Deformed Transformed* a "Stranger" who tempts the hunchback, Arnold, with the offer of a beautiful shape, and so turns an obscure but innocent man into a warrior and a scourge. Unlike Mephistopheles, who insists on a written contract with Faustus, the "Stranger" asks for no actual compact:—

> You shall have no bond
> But your own will, no contract save your deeds.

Arnold is an Achilles now ("Count Arnold"), and with the "Stranger" (now "Cæsar") ever at his elbow, he embarks on a career of conquest — "Hand in hand with the mild twins — Gore and Glory." In the end, however, love for Olympia takes the place of hate, and peace and spring and love displace war and waste and hate. In *The Waste Land* of Eliot, there is the rumble of distant thunder and the hint of rain and renewal and redemption at the end, so that one is left with the hope that the parched lands of the Fisher King and the Saharas of the human soul and heart will soon be quickened into new life by the downpour from Above. In Pound's *Cantos* is projected — amidst much else besides — the ceaseless quest of Ulysses. Archibald Macleish's *Conquistador* and William Carlos Williams's *Destruction of Tenochtitlan* are about conquests too; and Seferis's *Mythistorima,* like *Anabase,* tries through adroitly deployed symbols and images to incarnate the spirit of eternality in the movements of historic time, the ultimate triumph of spirit over matter, of love and life over hate and death. Time in Eliot, Pound, Perse and Seferis is a shuttlecock moving backwards and forwards, but also circling round a still centre — the poet's own consciousness. "About France there is nothing to say," Perse is reported to have remarked once: "It is myself and all of myself." In a universe released from bondage to time and space, the centre could be anywhere and the circumference is nowhere; and where is such a centre of total vision to be located except in a great poet's subliminal consciousness?

Much has been written about the verse-form of *Anabase.* Perse is said to have been influenced by Rimbaud's *Une Saison en Enfer* and more particularly by the magnificent strophes of the poet-cum-diplomat, Paul Claudel. *Anabase* has been pointedly compared with Claudel's *Tête d'Or,* and Persean verse with "the *verset Claudelian*" — a form which is looser even than Bridges's "loose Alexandrines" in *The Testament of Beauty,* a rhythm without rhyme or metre, yet haunting like the rhythms of the Bible, distinctive like the "*poème en prose*" of Henri Michaux, Francis Ponge and Andrè Spire, and at its best a mixture of the musical, incantational and magical. Dore Ashton, however, says that perhaps Perse was influenced by the Creole speech heard by him during his impressionable years in Guadeloupe — "long, even lines with only ripples of higher or lower intonations . . . a repetitive turning chant accompanied by drums in unmistakable African cadence."[6] Now ellipti-

[6] *The Kenyon Review* (Summer 1961), p. 521.

cal, now repetitive; now terse, now voluble; now stabbingly realistic, now remotely exotic; now all for the painstakingly concrete, now lost in the incandescent ineluctable idea — the verse of *Anabase* is like nothing else in the world's poetry. It has an elemental yet overwhelming quality — like the waves of the sea, like the sea itself; like the clouds massed in the sky, like the sky itself; and like the sea meeting the sky on the horizon:—

> But sentenced are the seasons that we know.
> The serpent holds and the whirlwind harries
> The last oceans where the drowned pursue
> The daze and fall of fabulous voyages.[7]

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

THE WHOLE OF HISTORY is permeated by the idea of regarding the whole of mankind as one vast community, and of developing its intrinsic powers. This is the ultimate goal of human societies, thus to realize the tendency inherent in man by virtue of his nature.

Even the child experiences a longing which goes beyond the hills and lakes surrounding its restricted homeland. But it also yearns to return; for this is the beauty in man — the nostalgia for what has been lost will always prevent him from living exclusively in the present.

Firmly rooted in the innermost nature of man, the union of all mankind is one of the great guiding ideas in the history of humanity.

—WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT

---

[7] From W. S. Merwin's "Anabasis" (*A Mask for Janus*, 1952).

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

1860—1941

AN APPRECIATION

[**Mr. Gzeslaw Raymond Halski, LL.M., A.R.A.M.,** is a Polish composer. He has lived in England since the end of the War, having joined the Royal Academy of Music in 1945. He has contributed almost the whole Polish section in the new edition of Grove's famous *Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*

His compositions have been played on the B.B.C., and on the Continent.

He has given five lectures at the London Branch, Indian Institute of World Culture, on Polish music and musicians.—Ed.]

Music is a mystery to those who think about it, but a mere fact to those who do not. Music is not merely a succession or combination of sounds but a great enigma which has exercised a powerful influence on mankind from times immemorial. Between music, created and written by the composer, and the public lies a gap which only a living artist can bridge. It is he who recreates the composer's ideas, it is he who calls back to life the music confided to the silent paper. The higher his imaginativeness and perception, the greater and stronger is the influence of the music on the listener.

Twenty years have passed since Ignace Jan Paderewski, hailed by the public as the greatest pianist the world has known since Liszt, died in New York in the darkest hours of the Second World War. He was not a "wonder child"; yet music had a hold upon him from his infancy. Long before he could play, he would climb to the piano stool and try to produce from the instrument as beautiful sound as possible. Of ordinary early musical tuition he had none, his mother having died when he was but a few months old. His father (an administrator of large estates and an ardent Polish patriot) engaged a travelling violinist to give his son and his daughter, two years older than Ignace, a few lessons on the piano. Later on an old teacher of the instrument was engaged to pay fortnightly visits to the estate and he taught both the children to play easy arrangements and potpourris of operatic works.

He was twelve years old when his father took him to Warsaw, where he was enrolled as a pupil at the conservatoire. At the age of eighteen he completed his musical studies with distinction and was immediately engaged as a teacher of pianoforte at the school. At twenty he married a colleague at the school, Miss Antonina Korsak, and the next year he

became a father and at the same time a widower, his wife having died in childbirth.

The shock was strong yet happily not a lasting one: music was his escape from despair and worries. He worked ten to sixteen hours day after day, week after week, year after year. He continued his musical education in Berlin in composition and theoretical subjects. At the age of twenty-four he went to Vienna to the then greatest teacher in piano playing, his compatriot, Theodor Leschetizky. "Leschetizky taught me more in those few lessons than I learned during the whole twenty-four years preceding that time," said Paderewski later at the summit of his pianist's career.

From 1887 onwards, from the time of his débuts in Vienna and Paris his pianist's career was one continuous amazing triumph. In May 1890 he visited England, and the next year he toured widely in America. He repeated his visits to the U.S.A. In Europe he continued to play with the greatest success. He became not only an idol of the crowds on both the continents, his name appearing on all sorts of manufactured goods, but also one of the wealthiest musicians of the world. It is a fact that in a single day in 1902, when he twice appeared as a soloist in New York and his opera, *Manru,* was performed at the Metropolitan Opera House, his income was about $30,000.

At his residence at Riond-Bosson, near Morges in Switzerland, bought in 1897, many statesmen, diplomats, artists and politicians visited him, among them King Manuel of Portugal, Prince and Princesse Vendôme, brother-in-law and sister of the King of the Belgians, the French socialist Member of Parliament Paul Bouncour, the Maharaja Navanagar Manjil Sahib with his family, the Greek statesman Venizelos, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the President of the United States and, among the more famous artists, Nellie Melba, Jan de Reszke, Artur Nikisch, Marcella Sembrich-Kochanska, Joseph Hofman, Leopold Stokowski and Feliks Weingartner.

His playing was characterized by the exquisite delicacy and poetical feeling he displayed in the calmer moments, amazingly well blended with the dramatic, even passionate, rendering of the music performed. His mastery of the keyboard was complete, his touch was so perfect in all the degrees of gradation that every shade of expression was at his command. Under his fingers the piano sang. When playing he was completely engrossed in the works performed as if unaware of the presence of an audience. All the contrasting features of the Polish character — temperament, melancholy, impetuosity, sincerity, sanguineness and

tenderness — were melted in his soul into a surpassing sensitiveness making his highly individual interpretation impossible of imitation. He was hailed as the best interpreter of Beethoven, by others as a reincarnation of Liszt himself, but everybody also had to admit that his rendering of Chopin's works was second to none.

But Paderewski was not only a musician: he was a born orator and statesman whose patriotism was of a far tougher fibre than that of an artist who idealizes his country in a symphony or a song or who in a time of stress is ready to devote his talents to raising funds in charitable causes. In 1910 Paderewski went to Cracow for the ceremony of unveiling the Grunwald Memorial, a large monument in bronze commemorating the five-hundredth anniversary of the victory over the Teutonic Order won by King Yagello of Poland. It was Paderewski's own idea, and he commissioned a young Polish sculptor, Antoni Wiwulski, to carry it out. He paid for it himself, and presented it to Poland as the first tangible manifestation of his feelings towards his country. This monument was destroyed by the Germans in 1939-40.

In October 1910 during the Chopin celebrations at Lwow, he came to Poland again and delivered a speech, one of his finest oratorical feats, in which he said:—

> No man, however great, can stand above his nation, or beyond his nation. He is seed of her seed, a portion of her, blossom of her bearing, fruit of her ripening.... We know that he [Chopin] was great with our greatness, strong with our strength, beautiful with our beauty.... The whole of our collective soul is in him made manifest.

The independence of Poland was his political watchword, and his unshaken faith in its coming was his lodestar. He became one of the spiritual leaders of Poland. When the 1914-18 war broke out Paderewski felt that he, too, must enter this new era, the era of an unexpected but fated career which would put an end to his artistic activities, if not for good at least for a time. But his innermost conviction, expressed by himself as *"La patrie avant tout — l'art ensuite,"* directed all his lifelong attitude.

Together with the Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, he founded the "Polish Relief Fund" for the victims of war in Poland. Then he went to France, to England and to the United States. He was everywhere playing, delivering speeches, discussing the political situation with the world's statesmen. He struck up a friendship with Colonel House, the chief political adviser to President Wilson, and he also was

able to convince American opinion that the resurrection of Poland was a political necessity.

In 1919 he went to Poland. On January 16th he was nominated Prime Minister and Minister for Foreign Affairs. It was he who on June 28th, 1919, signed the Versailles Treaty on behalf of Poland. However, he was too open-minded and too sincere to appreciate or to let himself be drawn into political intrigues and petty bargainings for power. He retired in 1920.

After five years of discontinuation of his concert activities, and moreover at the age of sixty, he decided to reach the impossible. He went with his second wife, whom he had married in 1899, to his estate at Paso Robles in California, where he began from the beginnings again: finger exercises. It was not only a matter of returning to his amazing technique but of drawing himself, both psychologically and physically, into the daily routine of a concert pianist. It was not an easy task and yet his iron will overcame bodily weakness. He reappeared on the concert platform after three years of complete seclusion, first in America then in Europe. Entire audiences rose as he appeared upon the platform and remained standing until the aged master had sat down at the piano. These spontaneous tributes touched him deeply. He could hardly restrain his tears and he felt a great sense of happiness and gratitude. It was the highest reward for his drudgery and toil.

Paderewski was not a "wonder child." His talent gradually developed, deepened and matured. Long studies and hard work on himself led him to the heights of fame reached only by a few. What was the secret of his amazing success? To this question Paderewski himself gave the answer:—

> I owe my success to one per cent talent, nine per cent luck, and to ninety per cent work. Work, work and work alone is the main reason of success.

Paderewski was a unique personality, charming, witty, industrious, sincere, and, above all, sympathetic. His philanthropic deeds were countless. He helped hundreds of artists in financial difficulties; he sponsored many competitions. Before the First World War he was considered the richest living musician in the world, but he gave away almost all his money in the service of Poland. Early in 1933 he played at the Albert Hall in London for the benefit of unemployed English musicians. The concert brought in nearly £4,000. Soon afterwards he gave several similar concerts in America, and in June that year a

recital in Paris for the benefit of Jewish refugees from Germany who had been compelled to leave that country.

Many of the highest decorations were bestowed upon him, both Polish and foreign: he received honorary degrees from ten universities, among them Oxford and Cambridge in England, and Yale and New York in the United States. In 1933 he was awarded the City of Warsaw Music Prize, and he received the freedom of the City of Lausanne.

When he appeared in the West as a concert pianist nobody knew whether Paderewski was a citizen of Russia, Austria, France or Switzerland — yet nobody could fail to know that he was a Pole. And before that Poland, voiced by him first in music and later in the spoken word and his activities, political cynicism receded with shame and the stony insensitiveness of the Western world melted away. None of his contemporaries could, like Paderewski, present the irrevocable links of Poland with Europe and fight for her.

In 1939, after the downfall of Poland, when the Polish Government was organized in France, Paderewski was unanimously elected President of the National Council in Paris. In 1940 he went to America once again to voice the cause of Poland. It was his last journey, for he died in New York on June 29th, 1941. As a sign of supreme homage to the man who dedicated all his life to the cause of Poland, the Polish Government decorated him posthumously with the highest military distinction: the Cross of *Virtuti Militari.*

His unshaken faith in Poland did not leave him even in the last moments of his life. He passed away with the words: "Do believe me, Poland will live again, Poland will live. . . ."

To bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm:
That is the top of sovereignty. (Keats)

Czeslaw Raymond Halski

If I were to begin life again, I would devote it to music. It is the only . . . unpunished rapture upon earth.

—Sydney Smith

THE ETERNAL SNOWMAN

[**Miss Odette Tchernine,** poet, writer and broadcaster, writes of that interesting phenomenon, the "Abominable Snowman," which has intrigued explorers and zoologists.—Ed.]

When seeing Eugène O'Neill's play, *The Iceman Cometh,* a few years ago, I remember how right through that epic four-hour performance I was held not only by the masterly acting on the stage but the title itself. It kept recurring mentally not as a mysterious inexorably hooded figure of death, the inevitable reaper, but as a shuffling, rather pathetic form suffering and feared in its dread aura of frost and no return, and hating its fate blindly because it was obliged to stalk mankind and so be hated by many if not all. The shuffling figure reminds me now of the mystique that surrounds another riddle which many consider will never be solved, the identity of the Abominable Snowman.

While I was engaged on research on the Snowman's history, and when subsequently I was writing my latest book, *The Snowman and Company,* that analogy did not occur to me. It does now.

Only death can reveal to humans what lies beyond life; and when that occurs they cannot become momentarily temporal again to tell their fellows what it is all about. We can only rely on faith, belief, race-memory and intuition to give us an even transient idea of what is in store.

Most of the above factors operated in my search for the truth about the Snowman, for the history of that enigma stretches back into time, not for centuries, but for two thousand years. That history includes evidence, theories, legend, superstitions and — let us face it — much nonsense. But overriding the nonsense, the superstitions, and the hoaxes, an unquestionable element of evidence and half-evidence remains, indication that there is "something" unknown for which a solution or logical explanation may some day come to light.

There are incalculable elements in this enigma, which takes on different attributes and names, and is saddled with contradictory characteristics, according to the geographical position and folk tradition of the various high altitudes from where reports stem. There is even something slightly pathetic in the supernatural stories of the Snowman in certain quarters and the complete denial of them in others when one considers that the creature, if creature there be, may be a species unidentified because of its rarity, a creature just as frightened of man as man is of it.

The Snowman has been given many names. Mention of the *Rakshi* or *Raksha* occurs in Valmiki's *Ramayana,* alleged to have been written in the third or fourth century B.C. One section of this long poem describes the abduction of Sita, wife of Rama, Prince of India, during his wrongful exile from his kingdom. The abductor is Ravana, the demon King of Ceylon, then known as Lanka — a name being revived in present times. Ravana's allegedly semi-human demon hordes are called the *Raksha,* a derivation of which name, *Rakshi,* is applied to this day to the Abominable Snowman in some parts of the Himalaya.

I have been loaned a tape-recording, which a friend of mine took during a visit to Nepal in 1958 when she conveyed for me a letter of enquiry I had written to a certain quarter there in connection with my current book. The tape contains a reference to the Abominable Snowman by a Nepalese lady who did the recording for my friend, and she called him the *Rakshi-Bompo.* She was telling a curious if second-hand story of how a childhood friend of hers, a girl, had been kidnapped by one of the Snowmen, carried away to the high peaks, and never seen again.

One must keep an open mind with regard to those stories, even when they are recounted in good faith, for invariably they are never told by the direct witness of whatever incident is in question, and if the first-hand witness is required to appear and repeat his or her story, somehow, he or she has died, or has gone away somewhere unapproachable at the other side of the subcontinent!

At this point it must be made clear that I make no claim to any personal encounter or sighting that might be considered first-hand evidence that the Yeti exists. None the less, for years I have known several of those who have discovered mysterious footprints in the Himalayas. I have carried out research into past theories, books and records, and have discussed the problem with eminent explorers and zoology experts. I have worked out comparisons of geographical regions relevant to this question. I have also seen some hair specimens presented for analysis to experts. There was controversy over that, for some opinions stated they were goat's or hog's hairs, and others that they were hairs from some animal, which could not be identified.

This leads me to the topic of the alleged Yeti scalp brought over from Kumjung Monastery in 1960 by Sir Edmund Hillary. Many years ago there was a wartime economy slogan in the British Isles which asked, "Is your journey really necessary?" Frankly that could be applied to that musty ancient artefact, the so-called Yeti scalp in its trip to

America, France, and London! For that is all it is, an artefact, and the pronouncement by the experts here of its being some artificially constructed relic, did not surprise any of us who had known or guessed for years that the "Yeti scalps" shown with other specimens of the same nature were not genuine, even if the good Lamas believed they were. So the scalp's voyage here and back proved nothing about whether the Yeti was fact or fiction. It merely eliminated one of the "fairy-tales" on the subject.

Even theories presented in the best of faith by travellers, scientists and amateurs are conflicting. Such theories have put forth candidates as varied as apes, bears, leopards and even human aboriginals to explain the Abominable Snowman mystery. So a survey has to be approached with much advance study, and a careful sifting of the wildest of these stories.

There must, however, be some explanation for the photographs of those distinct footprints which explorers Eric Shipton and Michael Ward discovered on the slopes of the Menlung Glacier in 1951. Both those well-known mountaineers, while wisely not committing themselves as to what caused those footprints, are convinced that there is "something" to account for them. I dismiss entirely the suggestion after Sir Edmund Hillary's last Himalayan expedition that the footprints were made by foxes and had been enlarged and transmuted to those huge, distinct and semi-human shapes by the sun melting the snow on which they appeared. Furthermore, other mountaineers, travellers and local people have found similar footprints in other similar terrain, and even at lower altitudes in ploughed fields.

The most recent record I have of such footprints and even sightings were given to me by Mira Behn (Madeleine Slade) on one of her visits to England two years ago on the occasion of the publication of her book *The Spirit's Pilgrimage*. She told me of the down-to-earth opinions of herdsmen who worked under her guidance during the time when she was honorary chairman of a plan for cattle improvement inaugurated by the Indian Government. That was in Kashmir. There the occasional appearance of a Snowman seems to have been accepted as a normal if odd happening. They call it the *Van-Manas,* and look upon it as a species of sub-humans living in caves and forests in the until now unpeopled high-altitude slopes and wooded gorges. The herdsmen and cultivators of small holdings and larger estates told how sometimes they found imprints of the Snowman's wanderings in damp soil, and between ploughed furrows. Some of those recordings, given matter-of-

factly and in good faith, were as recent as 1956.

But here again comes the elusive factor in direct evidence. Mira Behn told me how she had tried to have a personal interview with a small group of hillmen who she was told had rescued one of their women, kidnapped by one of the *Van-Manas*. They had killed the kidnapper in the process, though the woman was unhurt. Her informers could not produce the rescue party from whose lips she wanted to hear the story direct. She asked why they would not come forward, and the reply was that they would not dare, as, since she was connected with the Government, they might be charged with murder, for she would have felt it her duty to report the kill! Would that have mattered? — she queried. And why the term *murder*? The answer was that the simple but practical tribesmen of those high altitudes looked upon whatever it was that had carried the woman away as some kind of human!

In the course of my research on the subject, I have collected reports of similar mysteries in like terrain in other parts of the world, though the Himalayan ones are the most distinct, and the one from which most theories of any substance derive. There was, for instance, an unspecified ape-like and quite friendly apparition not long ago in a region of Nyasaland where unexplored and partly mountainous forest territory was being opened up for new communications. This unspecified creature would watch road-making from high trees and took a fancy to a bright blue truck which workmen left on the track when their work was done for the day. The authorities gave orders that *Ufti*, or *Ufiti* as the local tribesmen called him, must not be hurt or annoyed, for he was an unusual specimen, probably a freak sub-species of anthropoid with characteristics of both chimpanzee and gorilla. Equatorial Africa is gorilla country but the chimpanzee is found further south. None the less, a freak, sometimes known as a "sport," can occur at times. For instance, baboons are native to South Africa, yet in recent months an expedition found a type of rock baboon in the locality of the Tibesti Mountains, a range in the Sahara region.

The various names applied to the Snowman have been mentioned further back. Their variety brings me to the interesting and devious ways in which these terms travel, for my reference to baboons leads me to that, and right back to the Himalayan Abominable Snowman.

I do not mind admitting that I have been hoist with my own petard by this very point that language and names sometimes coincide thousands of miles and oceans apart. In my recent book I poked fun unrepentantly at a report I remembered seeing some years ago. It told of the

Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas being described in those altitudes as the "Dreaded Chemisette," a femininely "dressy" term that amused me as applied to an unknown and rather frightening zoological mystery. I did suggest — apart from my joke — that this odd name might be a misprint. In recent months I was doing research for a B.B.C. programme on the "Nandi Bear," another fabulous, unidentified, and much disbelieved animal in East Africa. This creature, like the Snowman, has many names according to the tribes of Kenya and Uganda, who speak of it with terror. One of the names given to it by the Nandi tribesmen themselves is the *Chemosit*. You see the similarity? The vowels had got mixed up in the spelling in that newspaper report years ago when I read about the "Chemisette." The strange point is that the Nandi Bear's, or Chemosit's, name must have travelled all the way from Kenya's forests and mountains to the forests and mountains of the Himalaya to be applied to the Abominable Snowman — or was it the other way round?

Contradictory as evidence is, it indicates that if ever the Snowman of the Himalayas is discovered, it will be found to be an unspecified branch of the anthropoids, possibly of very rare occurrence, which would account for the sporadic reports. It might also be in danger of becoming extinct. The next best guess would suggest an unusual species of bear, but bear footprints are very different from the alleged Snowman footprints with those large and distinctive toe-marks. Bear footprints show signs of claws, never mentioned with reference to Yeti tracks, and also the bear's toe alignment is quite characteristic. The toes are comparatively small, symmetrical, and as if stemming from a round-shaped, "horse-shoe" type of foot.

Both the records in ancient archives of Chinese, Mongolian and Russian origin, and the more recent reports on modern investigations and references to the Almus, or Almas, point to some confusion having existed between brief sightings of aboriginals and distant glimpses of actual bears.

Whether the mysteries of the Abominable Snowman of the Himalaya and now the Nandi Bear of East Africa will ever be solved is debatable. Until now I felt that there was stronger evidence for the existence of the Himalayan Yeti than the Nandi Bear, held in terror by the East African tribes that speak of it, for in East Africa there are far more zoological specimens that could have been mistaken for something fabulous than there are in the Himalayas. Now I am not so sure, for after the conclusion of the B.B.C. one-hour Nandi Bear programme

already mentioned and in which I took part, there was a last-minute postscript: It stated briefly that current letters from Kenya quoted up-to-the-minute data which suggested that the Nandi Bear was perhaps not such a fantasy after all.

Which of the two fabulous beasts will be identified first — if ever?

ODETTE TCHERNINE

HONOUR AND NOBILITY

IN the *International Philosophical Quarterly* (December 1961) Professor Francois Heidsieck analyzes the concepts of Honour and Nobility in such diverse French philosophers as Descartes, Proudhon, Ravaisson and Sartre, and brings out their continuity.

> What has come to be called the sense of honour plays a decisive rôle in moral life. If it is not the highest value it is the point of reference to which all values are related, and it orders them with respect to ourselves. Indeed, honour is the social form of the moral duty of obligation.

Four elements in the concept of honour are analyzed in Descartes' writings — loyalty to one's prince and country, due recognition of the religious obligation, the place held by honour among other values and the sister-concept of nobility.

Loyalty arises when we remember

> that no man can subsist alone and that each is a part of the universe and, even more particularly, a part of the state, of this society, of this family to which one is bound by country, by oath, by birth.

Religious obligation consists in realizing that man's love for God is the model for every other love. True honour presupposes the esteem of self and conformity of the will to the most enlightened judgment. Descartes finds that

> the sovereign good lies in a firm will to do good and in the contentment that is its reward.... It is free will that constitutes not only the condition for honour but honour itself.

Nobility consists in the resolute use of the will in the pursuit of virtue. Descartes identifies honour and reason, "with reason acting on free will which, in itself, is noble."

In setting up the free will as a power noble in itself Descartes preached a democratic ethic: "The principle of democracy is virtue, that is, the honour of every man who is free to become whatever he can be."

Proudhon, the next thinker studied, points out:—

> Man's true progress is brought about when each one feels an obligation to virtue out of human respect.... By freedom man stimulates himself to do good.

Ravaisson and Sartre also from their own standpoints reinforce the concepts of honour and nobility and are continuers of the Cartesian position.

D. GURUMURTI

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

CONTEMPORARY BRITISH HUMANISM *

THESE two volumes are both representative of contemporary British humanism. But, inside the same movement, they stand for markedly different trends. Mrs. Knight's conception of humanism is the narrower and more fundamentalist one, which is impatient of religion, throws man back on his intellectual resources defined in a rationalistic way, and discovers the mainspring of man's moral action in his innate biological equipment. In short it is an expression of Scientific Humanism, though she does not use this phrase.

As such it startlingly reflects the narrowness of spirit from which that movement springs. The seventy authors cited, most of them valuable in themselves, are selected on a principle which excludes at least half the sources from which one might expect a humanist anthology to be drawn. The only non-European authors are three Chinese, Lao Tzu, Confucius and Mencius. From India, Israel, Islam — nothing. Humanism, we infer, owes no debt to them. The ten authors chosen from Classical antiquity are handpicked for their rationalist interest. Then, with a great leap we pass from the second century A.D. to the sixteenth, from Celsus, the critic of Christianity, to Montaigne. What has become of fourteen centuries of European history — the centuries, moreover, which culminate in that movement which for the historian of culture usually spells Humanism in the traditional and accepted meaning of the term? So Erasmus goes out, presumably because he was a Christian, and Celsus gets in because he was not.

This, however, is to attack the anthology on its weak side. Its strength lies elsewhere, in the rationalist writers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Most welcome and most valuable are the extracts from such men as Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, Tom Paine, Bentham, Mill, Darwin, Renan, Huxley. The opinions of these heroes of the enlightenment, as also those of the more recent and often still living writers who have carried on their tradition, will be enjoyed by all those who can ignore the narrow range of the anthology as a whole.

From this depressing narrowness of spirit the collection of essays edited by Sir Julian Huxley is refreshingly free. While about half of his twenty-six contributors should no doubt be classed as scientists, the banner under which they march is not that of Scientific Humanism but that of Evolutionary Humanism; nor is the word evolution understood only in its biological sense. True, the Darwinian derivation of man by a natural process from the animal kingdom is fundamental to Sir Julian's thesis. But he does not conclude from this that the mainspring of man's moral action, the source of his social as distinct from his biological evolution, resides in his genetically inherited instincts. True, he wishes to propagate a unitary view of existence, to affirm the natural and exclude the supernatural. But for him the period of

* *The Humanist Frame*. Edited by JULIAN HUXLEY. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 432 pp. 1961. 37*s*. 6*d*.); *Humanist Anthology: From Confucius to Bertrand Russell*, Compiled by MARGARET KNIGHT. (Published for the Rationalist Press Association, Ltd., by Barrie and Rockliff, London. 200 pp. 1961. 21*s*.)

biological evolution has to all intents and purposes ceased and passed over into a psycho-social phase in which "a succession of successful idea-systems" has taken the place of "a succession of successful bodily organizations." In this new phase of evolution science, art and religion are not "independent entities" but "interlocking functions of our evolving species." Consequently a basis for a truce to the weary quarrel between religion and science, the waging of which is the very substance of Mrs. Knight's book, can be suggested:—

> The only way in which the present split between religion and science could be mended would be through the acceptance by science of the fact and value of religion as an organ of evolving man, and the acceptance by religion that religions must evolve if they are not to become extinct.

On this basis, clearly sketched in his vigorous and masterly Introduction, Sir Julian has assembled a team of writers willing to leave transcendental issues in abeyance and combine to apply their varied skills and talents to the relief of man's present distresses. The volume is not a set of academic exercises. It carries a sense of urgency and unity, the unity springing from the central evolutionary concept, the urgency from the realization that the time has come when man must take his destiny into his own hands or perish and that the time is short. But the book offers no panacea, no nostrum. On the contrary it generates hope by calling on a wide diversity of distinguished talents to explain what their various specialisms can contribute to the solution of the present crisis in human destiny.

Thus we find physicians like Sir Russell Brain and Sir Robert Platt, scientists like Waddington and Bronowski, sociologists like Baroness Wootton and Morris Ginsberg, all keeping time and tune with one another and with the jurists, journalists, educationists, economists, architects and musicians in the richly orchestrated theme which supplies their common inspiration. What makes possible this harmony is the fact that Sir Julian Huxley has here sunk his thought to a depth at which the arts and sciences find their common root in human nature itself. The old quarrel between idealism and materialism is laid to rest. There is no equivocation about the central truth that man can only remake his society by remaking himself and only remake himself by remaking his society. "On this view," as Ginsberg puts it,

> reason is not the slave of the impulses and feelings, nor independent of them. We may conceive of it as that in our personality which strives for integration, deeper than conscious thought, but the more effective the more it uses thought, working within and through the basic impulses and interests and deriving its energy from them.

How communications at these various levels are not merely symbols of some underlying physical reality but themselves real things is made clear in Professor P. Meredith's highly original paper: "Messages are . . . currents of social causation," and therefore real, active forces. They form the ecological environment for evolution in its new psycho-social phase, and this environment "must include messages from musicians, painters, sculptors, poets and dramatists." What institutionalized agencies now exist for the expression in economic form of the rapidly growing humanist consciousness of mankind is the encouraging theme of Sudhir Sen's lucid essay "New Horizons for Underdeveloped Peoples."

B. FARRINGTON

Reincarnation: An East-West Anthology. Compiled and edited by JOSEPH HEAD and S. L. CRANSTON. (The Julian Press, New York. 341 pp. 1961. $6.50.)

Dr. Viktor Frankl, the well-known Viennese psychiatrist, has suggested that man is dominated neither by Freud's Will-to-Pleasure principle nor by Adler's Will-to-Power, but by what he calls the Will-to-Meaning, man's basic search for a comprehensive meaning to existence. The wealth of quotations brought together in this volume bring out how the concepts of immortality and reincarnation have served to provide meaning and purpose to human life in a universe of unbroken continuity, where birth is not a mere beginning nor death a final end. This theme has been called the "central issue of our time," but it really constitutes "the central issue of all times."

In the past, the West was greatly concerned about the issue of the immortality of the human soul, while the Orient, with its stress on the doctrine of *Karma*, has held to the more specific notion of reincarnation. Of course, the two ideas are closely linked. As W. Macneile Dixon has said in his Gifford Lectures (1936-37), *The Human Situation*, the only kind of immortality which is at all conceivable is that of rebirth with its implication of pre-existence; and it is by far the most ancient and most widely held. He significantly cites the arch-sceptic Hume himself as saying that "it is the only system to which philosophy can hearken."

This Anthology does not seek to pile up evidence to establish reincarnation as a fact, but suggests that an idea which has occupied so many exceptional minds is worthy of careful study and serious investigation. In the words of Albert Schweitzer:—

> The idea of reincarnation contains a most comforting explanation of reality by means of which Indian thought surmounts difficulties which baffle the thinkers of Europe.

But a few dissenting opinions are also included. It is, however, noteworthy that apart from mere explanation, evidence too may be forthcoming to establish reincarnation as a fact; as opined by Dr. Ian Stevenson, Chairman, Department of Psychiatry, University of Virginia:—

> Further investigation of apparent memories of former incarnations may well establish reincarnation as the most probable explanation of these experiences.

The book is in four Parts of unequal length. The First Part covers the doctrines of the world's religions, but forms less than a fourth of the book, the Oriental religions, Hinduism and Buddhism taking up barely twenty pages. Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism account for about thirty. The catholicity of the editors is shown by the inclusion of the primitive and primal religions, on the one hand, and of Masonry and Theosophy on the other. The Second Part, constituting the bulk of the book, comprises the views of over four hundred Western thinkers on reincarnation, ranging from ancient Greece and Rome to modern Russia and America. Over half of this is taken up by the statements of British and American thinkers.

The last two brief Parts contain the views of noted scientists and psychologists. Although the shortest, they are the most interesting and valuable. The broad outlook may be expressed in the words of James Freeman Clarke:—

> It would be curious if we should find science and philosophy taking up again the old theory of metempsychosis, remodeling it to suit our present modes of religious and scientific thought, and launching it again on the wide ocean of human belief. But

stranger things have happened in the history of human opinion.

The collection is altogether to be commended as presenting a wide and open perspective with a carefully arranged balance which will help to correct many modern misconceptions on the subject. For us it is of special interest that five notable excerpts from THE ARYAN PATH find a place in it.

K. GURU DUTT

Advaita and Viśiṣṭādvaita. By S. M. SRINIVASA CHARI. With a Foreword by S. RADHAKRISHNAN. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. xvii+204 pp. 1961. Rs. 12.00)

This book is a lucid exposition in English of the *Śatadūṣaṇī* of Vedānta Deśika, a work which, following closely the *Śrī Bhāṣya* of Rāmānuja, criticizes the cardinal doctrines of Advaita Vedānta from the Viśiṣṭādvaitic standpoint. The merit of *Śatadūṣaṇī* lies in this that it both states the Advaita doctrines and gives the Viśiṣṭādvaitic criticisms of them. The work of Dr. Srinivasa Chari gives its readers an opportunity of acquainting themselves with the major doctrinal differences between the two schools of Vedanta, their arguments and counter-arguments.

No attempt is made by the author to give any independent appraisal or critical evaluation of the arguments and conclusions of the two schools of Vedānta or to reconcile them in some new system of thought. The exposition, as the author has himself observed in closing the work,

> of the dialectical criticisms of Vedānta Deśika against Advaita brings out the fundamental differences of the two systems of Vedānta. These differences as we have already explained arise mostly as a result of the different standpoints adopted by the two systems. We do not here attempt to evaluate the relative merits and defects of the two systems as it is beyond the scope of the present thesis.

The author has also observed:—

> It would be an interesting study to take up each of the criticisms of Vedānta Deśika and assess its soundness in the light of the possible answers of the Advaitin which may be found in some of the polemic works of post-Deśika period, particularly the *Advaita Siddhi* and *Śatabhūṣaṇī*. . . . But it would not be possible to discuss in these pages the several issues raised in the *Śatadūṣaṇī* in the light of the answers available in the *Advaita Siddhi* and other works.

In the reviewer's opinion, it would have been fairer to the Advaitins and would have considerably advanced the value of the work if a chapter had been devoted to such possible answers of the Advaitins to the criticisms of the *Śatadūṣaṇī* as could be found in the *Advaita Siddhi, Śatabhūṣaṇī* and other works.

The main targets of the Viśiṣṭādvaitic attack on Advaita are the concepts of *Nirguṇa Brahma, avidyā, indeterminate consciousness,* the identity of the *Jīva* with *Brahma,* the unreality of the world, the Advaita conception of *Mukti,* and the Advaita view of *pramāṇas* and the interpretation of the *Śruti* texts. The readers of Dr. Chari's work will be grateful to him for his lucid exposition of the Viśiṣṭādvaita criticisms on all these points. It is assured of recognition as a valuable addition to Viśiṣṭādvaita literature and the reviewer heartily congratulates the author on his fine work.

It has not been possible for the reviewer within the short scope of this review to discuss the issues between Advaita and Viśiṣṭādvaita. He would just touch a point in closing. To all the critics of the Advaita down the

ages the chief *vexata quæstio* in that system has been the unreality (often miscalled "illusoriness") of the world. On this point I would content myself here with quoting what Dr. S. Radhakrishnan has written in the Foreword to the book:—

> No teacher of the *Advaita* holds that the world is absolutely unreal or illusory. It is real as a manifestation of being but unreal as a self-subsisting entity.

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

This Is It and Other Essays on Zen and Spiritual Experience. By ALAN W. WATTS. (John Murray, London. 158 pp. 1961. 15*s*.)

In his recent writings Alan Watts has become engagingly direct and downright, but at the cost, perhaps, of sacrificing depth and the finer discriminations to the slap-dash. It is doubtless tempting to one of his buoyant disposition to talk about the condition of spiritual awakening in which everything is seen to be as right as it can be, "as one sings in the bathtub or splashes in the sea." But in these six essays, and particularly in the last two of them in which he discusses spirituality and sensuality and the possible spiritual value of mescalin and LSD, he does at times skim too lightly over the surface of his subjects. He has, of course, lived and thought Zen for many years and because he is so much at home with its assumptions he has never encouraged a false cult of it either as a pretext for self-conscious anarchy, as in some sophisticated Western art circles, or by artificially transplanting a traditional Eastern style of Zen into alien environment. His own desire is for Zen to "soak into the West informally, like the drinking of tea. We can digest it better that way." His pamphlet, "Beat Zen, Square Zen, and Zen," included here, shows clearly what he means by that and the kind of "fuss" to be avoided, since the essence of Zen was and is to accept life and ourselves as they are "without the least need to justify anything."

This sounds perfectly easy and natural, but to be perfectly easy and natural is, in fact, the highest attainment of which man is capable. The problem he has to solve before this becomes possible, as succinctly stated in the essay entitled "Zen and Control," is this:—

> Man is a self-conscious and therefore self-controlling organism, but how is he to control the aspect of himself which does the controlling?

At a certain point self-control becomes a form of paralysis and, armed by modern technology, it is rapidly splitting man into two parts. So long as the self remains split, the problem is insoluble. The trap in which man is caught closes more tightly, the more self-consciously he tries to open it. The purpose of Zen is to free man from this paralytic dualism, to release him into that centre of being in which there is no longer a higher-controlling self and a lower-controlled self, but in which he co-operates from moment to moment with the whole will and movement of life.

In these essays Alan Watts presents the problem and what its solution involves with expert mental facility and also suggests from his own experience what it is to feel, if only for a few hours, that no problem exists. Yet, stimulating as his book is, it lacks the rich inward substance which the soul contributes to spiritual experience. And it is doubtful whether it will help its readers very much to actualize the en-

lightenment and total reconcilement with life which it angles before their noses so invitingly.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Christ's Drama: The Nature of Spiritual Growth. By NIGEL RICHMOND. (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London. 212 pp. 1961. 21*s*.)

The sub-title of this book is "The Nature of Spiritual Growth." Its means and content is the Gospel according to St. Matthew, freshly and individually interpreted. In the closing chapter, the author, conscious that he may not have carried his reader with him, enlarges on the account of the purpose briefly described in the opening pages. It may help other readers, as it did the reviewer, to read the last chapter first.

The author lays great stress on the fact that, in the days of Jesus, information was communicated by means of symbolic action rather than in the language of words. Would we understand the message of the gospel, we must interpret its symbols into terms intelligible to the modern mind. To this end, Mr. Richmond takes the text, section by section, disentangles what he understands by the symbolism used, and interprets it in the context of a definition of religion as "the development of individual man from his egocentric infancy towards his God."

The treatment is highly subjective and it is not easy either to follow the author's argument or to grasp its relation to the text of St. Matthew. There are many shrewd judgments scattered through the book, as, for example, the reference to the concern of God that His creatures should develop rather than that they should be comfortable. There seems, however, a major presupposition which distorts the presentation as a whole. Mr. Richmond while convinced of the reality of Jesus denies that the effectiveness of His teaching depends upon the reality of the facts of His life. This separation of meaning from fact, of idea from history, is not new. It is no less fatal to the understanding of the gospel in the twentieth century than it was in the second.

MARCUS WARD

C. G. Jung. By E. A. BENNET. (Barrie and Rockliff, London. 165 pp. Frontispiece. 1961. 21*s*.)

The most interesting part of this book is that which deals with the relationship between those two great pioneers in psychology, Jung and Freud. To quote another reviewer on this subject:—

> There is something irresistible about the picture of Freud and Jung travelling together to America in 1909, earnestly, if testily, engaged in mutual analysis.

Freud had experienced a dream of a rather intimate nature, but he refused to confide it to Jung on the ground that if he did so he, Freud, might lose his authority over Jung. Freud had already lost it, for Jung was reacting strongly against Freud's outlook. So also did he find Freud's intolerance towards all religious ideas and his preoccupation with sexuality difficult to stomach. Dr. Bennet, who is a lecturer in Psychology at Maudsley Hospital, does not hide his sympathy with Jung in the controversy between Freud and Jung. He frequently visited Jung at Zurich and had many intimate talks with him there. Freud and Jung were men of very different characters, a difference

on which Jung lays great stress in his description of different psychological types. Freud was obviously an extrovert and Jung an introvert, and it was not to be expected that they would manage to work amicably together for very long. Yet a realization of their personal differences was the means of their making new advances in psychology, as Dr. Bennet has clearly pointed out in this book.

KENNETH WALKER

Meditation in D Minor. By DALLAS KENMARE. (Ed. J. Burrow and Co., Ltd., Cheltenham, England. 63 pp. 1961. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Miss Dallas Kenmare's poetry has a distinctly subjective flavour and few, if any, jarring reverberations from the noisy modern world. Her imagery is on the whole conventional but the framework of her poetry is unconventional and she employs considerable skill in its construction. She eschews rhyme and strict metre and shows a penchant for free verse, which is well adapted to her muse. A thread of mysticism runs through most of these poems, many of which prove Miss Kenmare a poet of distinction. She is at her best when she achieves a level balance emotionally, at her weakest when she permits sentiment to lapse into sentimentality. Sometimes, too, she is inclined to be "precious." Miss Kenmare's poetry is infused with that not unpleasing melancholy which seems inseparable from the artists and she has a keen ear for the music of words. One of the best poems in this collection is entitled "The Quest of the Blue Rose," which epitomizes the search for some rare and exquisite happiness:—

> And now at last, the dream forgotten,
> the quest abandoned, the treasure is
> found unsought,
> Today I hold incredulously in my hands
> the gift of a fadeless blue rose....

A perusal of these poems suggests that they are really a logical sequence reflecting different aspects of the poet's spiritual pilgrimage. Perhaps, therefore, Miss Kenmare would have done well to omit titles to her poems and merely number them as did that fine poet, Siegfried Sassoon, in a slim but memorable volume entitled *The Heart's Journey,* published between the two wars.

Miss Kenmare's poems might best be appreciated by reading them aloud.

HERBERT BLUEN

Saṅgītopaniṣat-Sāroddhāra. By VACANACARYA SUDHAKALASA. (Gaekwad's Oriental Series, No. 133. M.S. University of Baroda. xlii+144 pp. 1961. Rs. 10.00)

Varied and lasting in value have been the contributions made by the Jains to Indian literature, be it Sanskrit or Prakrit, Aryan or Dravidian. The present is a Sanskrit work on Indian music and dancing, and its author belongs to the *Maladhārīya gaccha* of the Śvetāmbara Jains. It appears to have been abridged in Saṁvat 1406 (1350 A.D.) from a larger work by the same author, the *Saṅgītopaniṣad,* composed twenty-six years earlier, though not yet known to us.

Of its six chapters (*adhyāyas*) the first three deal with music in its general and basic form, musical composition (*prabandha*) and dance-drama (*nāṭaka*), *rāgas* and *tālas*. Chapter IV speaks of four types of musical instruments, *tata, ghana, suṣira* and *ānaddha,* and the Jain tradition regarding the origin of some of these, particularly the drum (*muraja*); and the last two

chapters are concerned with dancing (*nṛtya*), which is an essential part of *Saṅgīta*.

The language of the text seems easy, and the uncertain readings in it, met with often, are probably the result of insufficient MS. material at the disposal of the Editor. A few printing mistakes, seen here and there (pp. 2, 58, etc.), need to be rectified. The elaborate Introduction of the Editor analyzes the contents of the work in detail and evaluates its worth to the student of Indian music. There can be no doubt of the value of the book as a representative of the tradition of music and dancing in Gujarat and Rajasthan in the fourteenth century.

H. G. NARAHARI

Contribution of the South to the Heritage of India. (Publications Division, Delhi. 52 pp. 1961. Re. 1.00)

This is a collection of seven talks broadcast by the All India Radio. Necessarily brief (on the average, 3,000 words), with certain inevitable omissions and repetitions, the talks attempt to project the main outline of the rich and varied contribution of South India to Bharat's heritage. The broadcasters, eminent in their respective fields, approach the listeners in a pleasantly informal way, stating the "facts of the case" with clarity and simplicity.

In the opening talk, Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan touches upon the contributions of great thinkers and commentators like Kumarila Bhatta, Sayana, Shankara, Ramanuja, Vedanta Deshika and Madhva to Indian thought and philosophy. According to Dr. R. N. Dandekar, the most striking contribution of the South to Indian mythology would seem to be the idea of Shiva. Dr. Charles Fabri speaks of the unrivalled treasure-trove of art, architecture and bronzes in South India. Rukmini Devi on "Music and Dance," K. K. Pillay on "Social Customs and Institutions," and K. M. Panikkar on "Political Concepts and Institutions" crystallize their ideas on these subjects, and the reader is duly grateful.

South India can indeed be proud of being the home of four great literatures — Tamil, Kannada, Telugu and Malayalam. Tamil is the oldest, with its early classics *Silappadikaram* and *Manimekhalai* and later classics *Kural* and Kamban's *Ramayana*. In course of time Kannada developed a rich literature of its own. Being "the smelting centre for a number of centuries of the material received from the four corners of the country," Andhra took some time to discover its expression in Telugu, a *triveni* or a language made mellifluous by the best of Sanskrit, Prakrit and Dravidian flowing into it. Malayalam came last but it is fast making up for lost time. We should read the booklet in the light of the wise remark made by Shri M. Satyanarayana in his talk on "Literature": "... there is not much Indian culture without South India; of course, there is no South India without India."

PREMA NANDAKUMAR

The Splendour of Greece. By ROBERT PAYNE. (Robert Hale, Ltd., London. 191 pp. Map. 28 plates. 1961. 21*s*.)

"We journey to Greece like pilgrims to a feast," writes the author, and it is to holiday-making pilgrims that his book is in the main addressed, especially those visiting Greece for the first time. Some will enjoy the survey as background reading before touring Greece

and the fascinating islands of the Ægean; others may get more from it after they have personally savoured the unforgettable landscape of this legendary land, and have seen for themselves the antiquities and ancient sites.

The book caters for both, for the author acts as a sort of well-informed guide to Mycenæ, Olympia, Delphi, Corinth, Athens, Delos and Mykonis, Patmos and Rhodes, isolating each in a series of fifteen fluently written chapters. He cleverly intermingles recorded history and myth, Hellenic literature, archæology and personal narrative, with brief accounts of some of the men to whom we owe our present knowledge of ancient Greece through the excavations they have directed since the time of Schliemann.

The informal style in which the author recalls his own experiences and emotions when visiting the sites will commend his book to a popular audience, but it should be emphasized that the photographs (including some of marbles removed from sites to foreign museums), and some evocative quotations, including a long one from that strange neo-Pindaric ode, the *Patmos* of the visionary philhellenic German poet, Friedrich Holderlin, make this introduction to "the splendour that was Greece" well above the average level of commentaries for tourists and casual travellers.

F. Seymour Smith

Reminiscences of Swami Vivekananda. By His Eastern and Western Admirers. (Advaita Ashrama, Calcutta. 404 pp. 1961. Rs. 7.50)

During the last three-quarters of a century many important events have happened in the intellectual life of humanity. But few can compare in dramatic force and permanent effect with the epoch-making appearance of the Hindu monk Vivekananda at the Chicago Parliament of Religions in 1893. The impact of this great spiritual personality on Western life and thought is well brought out in this book of reminiscences by several persons who had the inestimable good fortune of coming into contact with this unrivalled prophet-saint of modern India, this matchless propounder of the gospel of the Self, one of the greatest figures of the Indian Renaissance.

In what is undoubtedly and incomparably the best chapter of this book, Sister Christine gives a deep understanding of the work of Swami Vivekananda. His luminous insight, his spiritual power born of self-realization, his great capacity of awakening souls to the innate greatness in them, his deep patriotism, and his passionate love of the poor and the underprivileged are brought out clearly.

The impress which his life and character had on those who were about him is discussed from various angles by people who represented different walks of life.

In the earlier chapters we get glimpses of his coming greatness as revealed in his contacts with persons before 1893; notably the contribution by Professor K. Sundararama Iyer is revealing.

On the whole, this is a very vivid and inspiring book, which, along with his biography and letters, gives an enduring insight into the life, achievement and spiritual stature of one of the foremost sons of India.

D. Gurumurti

The Principles of Moral Philosophy. By Ben Kimpel. (Philosophical Library, New York. 234 pp. 1960. $3.75)

Human life, the human way of living, entails moral problems and therefore reflection on moral distinctions becomes necessary and also desirable. Mr. Ben Kimpel's book aims at achieving an empirically thought-out analysis of such problems and a formulation of the principles of a sound moral philosophy. One of the significant achievements of the book is the distinction made between the analytical, which is the same as the semantical in contemporary philosophy, and the empirical, types of problems involved in our moral philosophizing. A clarification of the meaning of terms used in moral evaluation is supplemented by a consideration of evidence in support of moral ideals, the criteria by which moral evaluations are made. Towards clarification of sound moral ideals and an understanding of human life in general, the author presses into service some of the basic contributions of the empirical sciences, like psychoanalysis.

The book ends with a most refreshing account of the nature and meaning of moral responsibility, *viz.*, that it is essentially a way of *acting,* not merely to be restricted to intentions or thinking, and acting in conformity with morally sound principles in a way that will contribute to human well-being. A way of acting so as to enrich human life is not determined by men's presumed knowledge of its moral soundness but the fundamental moral problem still remains according to the author's own admission (p. 220): to know which principles are morally sound and which are not, to ascertain which is a primary aspect of moral responsibility.

S. Basu

Golden Lamps of God: A Collection of Thoughts and Sayings to Uphold and Sustain. Garnered, Contributed to and Edited by Christopher C. Lyon. (The C. W. Daniel Company, Ltd., Rochford, Essex, England. 110 pp. 1961. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This small book consists of "excerpts and quotations from the Works and Thoughts of those Great Ones, of all Races, Creeds, Colour and Ages." There are 122 in all, one for each three days of the year, and they are taken from Christian, Sufi, Chinese, Egyptian, Hindu and other sources. Each one is complete in itself. The author suggests reading one "the first thing of every waking day, or the last thing every night before sleep comes to blot out the happenings and depressive activities of the past busy hours." There are many worse ways of beginning and ending the day.

C. B.

Men do mightily wrong themselves when they refuse to be present in all ages and neglect to see the beauty of all kingdoms.

—Traherne

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[On August 24th, 1961, our esteemed friend, **Major-General S. L. Bhatia, C.I.E., M.C., M.A., M.D.(Cantab.), F.R.C.P.(London), F.R.S.(England), F.A.Sc., I.M.S.(Retd.),** gave at The Indian Institute of World Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, the lecture of which we print below the first part. — Ed.]

CIVILIZATION AT THE CROSSROADS

I

Today we are passing through a critical phase in human history. We witness a steady relaxation of traditions and of the established order of things. The guiding rôle of religion in life, in our daily conduct, is becoming less and less prominent. There is misunderstanding and bitterness all around. Suspicion, uncertainty and fear prevail in the international as well as the national spheres. During the lifetime of some of us, two World Wars have been waged with unprecedented grimness and the vision of a Third World War of a still greater magnitude and virulence stares us in the face all the time. Everywhere around us there are signs of revolutionary social and political changes. The world is divided into two opposite camps on the basis of their different ideologies, which they are anxious to guard, protect and preserve at any cost, and with this object they are arming themselves on an ever increasing scale. We are anxious, and have misgivings about where all this is leading us. With all humility I am constrained to remark that the human race may be annihilated by its own acts, prompted by the stupidity and selfishness so firmly enthroned in the human mind.

If we are not careful enough and do not deliberately check the unwholesome and unhealthy tendencies that exist, we may be forced to plunge headlong into an era of utter darkness and barbarity. It would mean the destruction of all those fine accomplishments in physical, mental and spiritual domains which we are pleased to call civilization. Civilization is truly at the crossroads. Which way is it to turn? Any false step at this juncture may result in irretrievable disaster and ruin. The challenge to us of this generation is to ensure that this catastrophe shall not occur.

This is the age of science. Science is immensely useful, and it should be used for the welfare of mankind, as for instance in eliminating disease and raising the standard of health, supplying rapid means of communication and beautifying life generally. We are making fresh scientific experiments in every field, and this work should continue with ever increasing zeal and efficiency. But scientific discoveries are used not always for the welfare of humanity but often for its destruction. The atomic age fills us with horror. The fact is that some scientists are tied to the chariot wheels of the State, and it is the politicians who finally decide to what purpose new knowledge should be put. A close integration of science and the humanities in all corners of the earth and a better appreciation of ethical values may help to change this disastrous situation.

Bertrand Russell, the well-known British philosopher, who has been solemnly and persistently asking for nu-

clear disarmament, warned us only last month, saying:—

> Most people in this country [England] as well as in other countries appear to be unaware that the governments of East and West are solemnly preparing by mutual vituperation to create a general state of mind in which the public will acquiesce in a large-scale nuclear war.
>
> A nuclear war would wipe out Europe completely and North America as a component civilization.
>
> If it were not happening, I should have thought it inconceivable, that Ministers calmly contemplate this wanton and merciless disaster. Yet it is so.
>
> Statements have recently been made on both sides of the Iron Curtain claiming that in a nuclear war the side to which the speaker belonged might achieve victory. This is utter nonsense, and must be known to be nonsense by those who utter it, unless they are criminally ignorant of things which it is their duty to know. The peril is imminent and deadly.
>
> Before the end of the year we may all be dead, you, your children if you have any, your wife or husband, your friends and all, who make up the population of your neighbourhood and your country.
>
> If you do nothing during the coming weeks of crisis you will have your share in the blame. You will have your part in the crime of killing all those whom you care for.
>
> The Governments can be stopped in their mad folly, but they can only be stopped by a vast movement of protest, in which all sane men and women must take part.
>
> The time may be short. Action must be now or it may be too late.
>
> The one thing for which we must stand is that the differences between East and West, whether about Berlin or any other issue, must be settled by negotiation and not by war — for war in the nuclear age can leave nothing standing that either side could possibly desire.

Bertrand Russell called upon the people of the world to rise in a vast protest with the cry "Negotiation, not War."

> It is your duty in this moment of supreme danger to do all that lies in your power to bring some spark of reason and humanity into the minds and hearts of those who control the destinies of East and West,

he added.

That is the situation at present.

In order to understand the age we live in, and the present civilization, it is necessary to have a look at the past.

Civilization as we usually think of it emerged only about six or seven thousand years ago. This is a very small period compared to the age of the human race or of the life on this planet, or the age of the planet itself or our own solar system or the galaxy of stars of which it is nothing more than a grain of dust. I shall not, therefore, start with the beginning of things, but will content myself by recalling that there are certain periods of human history which stand out markedly as periods of intense cultural change. The sixth and seventh centuries B.C. were a period of great intellectual upsurge in India, China, Babylon, Egypt and Greece. This was the classical period in antiquity, which in Europe after the Roman empire gradually drifted into the Middle Ages, and the Middle Ages passed on through the Renaissance to modern times. The modern period, in which we live, is influenced by the spirit of science and rationalism, by secular humanism and by the idea of the sovereign nation-state. Today for the first time in history all human beings inhabiting different parts of the earth have become part of one civilization, owing to the rapid development of communications by land, sea and air. Each one of us is to some extent dependent on the rest. We are linked together economically and our political fortunes

are also interdependent. In spite of our being drawn so close together physically, we do not feel as if we were one, and there is constant friction and lack of understanding between the nations of the world.

The ancient Greeks laid the foundations of natural science for Europe. It was the ambition of the Greek mind to analyze, explore, test and prove all things in the light of reason. They were the first to attempt to make life rational, and to apply the principles of reason to primitive beliefs. Socrates firmly believed that human nature was fundamentally good and that the spread of enlightenment would abolish all that was wrong and vicious.

The Greeks were not very renowned for their religious fervour. Their main religion was the worship of the Olympian gods, such as Zeus, Pallas Athene, Aphrodite, Hermes and Artemis, etc., each of which represents either human qualities or forces of nature. They were, however, devoted to their concept of the city-states. The city was the unit of Greek society and claimed the devotion of all its citizens. This patriotism for the city was as a sort of second religion with them.

Greek civilization gave to Europe the habit of disinterested knowledge, but it also left them the legacy of holding patriotism the highest virtue. With the disappearance of the city-state, Greek patriotism died. Rome, which succeeded Greece, was powerful for a time, but her religion had a special relation to the State. Worship was a public duty. The citizens could have their own private beliefs also so long as they acknowledged the religion of the State. This could not satisfy the immortal longings in man; nor did it impart unity to the State. It was disunity among the provinces that ultimately caused the fall of Rome. It was during the decay of Greco-Roman civilization that Christianity arose. After a period of struggle, it got a firm hold on Europe.

Both Judaism and Christianity take their stand on revelation. Their chief contributions to European thought are an insistence on the insufficiency of the intellectual, the importance of the historical and the great need for the higher spiritual values of life. The Christian view presents a blend of the Greek and Jewish conceptions of the historical. The intellectual life of the Middle Ages was devoted to the development of this conception. Thus, Thomas Aquinas in his writings makes an attempt to build a system of Christian theology with the aid of the logic of Aristotle.

During the Middle Ages, Christianity gave to Europe a sense of the Divine power as well as a clue to right conduct. It definitely raised the ethical standards in the land. But at the same time it prevented free enquiry. Then came the Renaissance, which gave to Europe a new civilization based on the three Greek ideals of rationalist philosophy, humanistic ethics and nationalist politics. It gave back to Europe the free curiosity of the Greek mind, as well as the Roman sense of practicality and orderliness. There was a revival of the classics. Science and adventure started their memorable careers in this atmosphere. We had Copernicus and Columbus, Machiavelli and Andreas Vesalius, Luther and Calvin, Galileo and Descartes. The scientific and technological achievements brought different parts of the world in close relation with each other. The philosophical thought of the period was moulded by the protagonists of science. According to this, Truth is contained only in that which can be recognized by us. Mathematics is the great example of truth. Spinoza says:—

> Truth would be eternally hidden from the human race, had not mathematics, which deals not with ends but with the nature and properties of figures, shown to man another norm of truth.

Mankind is slower to move and acquire new modes of thought than many of us imagine. An important feature of the Renaissance was that a society divided into the lay and the clerical gave place to one divided into the rich and the poor; and an atmosphere hostile to free enquiry gave place to one in which science could live and flourish. During the Middle Ages the Church was the sole repository of culture. The training was mostly in sacred texts and no new knowledge was acquired. The study of natural science was at a discount. The change took place in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Men began to study nature. Painters examined the human frame and surgeons dissected it. The new knowledge had no connection with Theology.

> With a sharp gesture of impatience [says H. A. L. Fisher], Europe turned away from the vast literature of commentaries and glosses, which the pedants of the later Middle Ages had inscribed "in letters of opium on tablets of lead."

The invention of printing in the fifteenth century made possible the diffusion of knowledge to a large mass of people by means of books.

All this gave rise to consequences which were far-reaching and unexpected. Quite unconsciously and gradually mankind acquired a new attitude towards knowledge. They felt that the past was no longer supreme and authority, so far as knowledge was concerned, no longer went unchallenged. Truth was no longer simply that which was given in ancient books but something they must discover and prove for themselves.

It was also about this time that there emerged in Europe the form of social and political grouping which we call "nation." Europe was split up into a number of national groups, between which, unfortunately, there was considerable rivalry and friction. A spirit of national pride and independence prevailed, and diplomacy was surcharged with the notion of a balance of power between nations. Ultimately this idea of nationhood became all-important.

All this has been continuing with ever increasing vigour during the last three hundred years, but the progress made in the first half of the twentieth century has been on such a tremendous scale as was undreamt of by any of the previous generations. Europe has been beautifully summarized by H. A. L. Fisher:—

> ...the life-giving inrush of the Aryan peoples, the flowering of the Greek genius, the long Roman peace, the cleansing tide of Christian ethics, the slow reconquest of classical learning after the barbaric invasions, the discovery through oceanic travel of the new world, the rationalism of the eighteenth, the philanthropy and science of the nineteenth centuries.

S. L. Bhatia

(*To be concluded*)

"God is not good," said Eckhart. "I am good." Goodness is the means by which men and women can overcome the illusion of being completely independent existents and can raise themselves to a level of being upon which it becomes possible, by recollection and meditation, to realize the fact of their oneness with ultimate reality, to know and in some measure actually associate themselves with it. The ultimate reality is "the peace of God which passeth all understanding"; goodness is the way by which it can be approached.

— Aldous Huxley

A LETTER FROM LONDON

London, December 29th, 1961

After dishing out in abundance expressions of good will during the Christmas week we are back to normal. We have started the New Year at each other's throats, as it were. On the eve of the New Year, the country got the first red signal of the impending industrial strife that is likely to last for months and months. As the workers and the employers, in this case the postmen and the British Government, attacked each other, we realized the futility of wishing well to each other only during the festive season of good will.

The massive weight of the trade union movement is now rallied behind the Post Office workers' resolution to go slow. The General Secretary of the T.U.C., Mr. George Woodcock, at a mass rally at the Albert Hall, launched a campaign to work to rule. Indeed his declaration of war against the Government before the 1st of January, the date decided for the resumption of the go-slow campaign, is almost unprecedented in the industrial disputes which have arisen in the past. The 5,000 wildly cheering postmen, telephone girls and counter clerks applauded him as he announced:—

> This is the most serious industrial situation I have known in my twenty-five years' experience. You are right because it has become abundantly clear that force is the only thing that will make the Government reconsider, as they ought to reconsider, the wages pause.

Mr. Woodcock then lambasted the Government's pay-pause policy as unfair, unjust and impracticable.

Good will or no good will, the British postmen are following the instructions of their leaders. At the post offices clerks are using a measuring tape to check that no parcels exceed the size laid down in the regulations. They have also been insisting on receiving money and counting it before issuing money orders or postal orders. The postal deliveries too have become hopelessly late.

This work-to-rule strike by the postmen will no doubt have considerable repercussions upon a whole series of wage negotiations affecting more than five million British workers. Among those now locked in pay combat are engineers, miners, railwaymen, shipyard workers, building workers and shop workers.

Refreshed by his Christmas vacation, Lord Home, the British Foreign Secretary, abandoned the spirit of good will by proclaiming a war against the United Nations. In fact his speech at Berwick-on-Tweed contained vituperative criticism of all those who have rallied against Britain, France, Portugal and Belgium at the United Nations in support of the colonial peoples' fight for self-determination.

Lord Home moaned the death of the League of Nations. In moaning it he predicted that the United Nations too would meet a similar fate. However, it is obvious that Lord Home is incapable of remembering who killed the League of Nations. He is also incapable of realizing that the people of Asia and Africa are now wide awake and want the United Nations to be an instrument for restoring peace in the world. They realize that the Western Powers, big and small, failed the League of Nations by conniving at the territorial aggrandisement of Japan in China and Italy in Abyssinia. Another nail in the coffin of the League of Nations was thrust in by no others than Lord Home's earlier masters, Baldwin, Chamberlain and Eden, who assisted

General Franco to strangle Republican Spain for the restoration of a Fascist régime in that country. Lord Home forgets the history that his party aided and abetted Japan in her crimes against China and did the same when it imposed so-called economic sanctions against Italy.

The United Nations was formed sixteen years ago with the primary purpose of maintaining peace among the victors of the last war. As Walter Lippmann pointed out in the *Daily Herald*, the United Nations was to do this by continual conciliation, for each of the great powers had a veto and therefore force could not be used against them. But the United Nations has not been able to deal directly with the great world conflict between the West and the East. And the task of preventing another great war and of maintaining a measure of co-existence, reminds Lippmann, is being carried on outside the United Nations by direct diplomacy.

Although Lord Home is becoming impatient with the United Nations because the Afro-Asian countries are now in a majority, neither Lippmann nor the American Government shares his view that the great world organization is on the brink of falling to pieces. I cannot help quoting Lippmann once again. Lord Home may not like to be reminded by Lippmann that a constitutional change in the UN was made in 1950 during the Truman administration in order to circumvent the Soviet veto in the Security Council.

> At the time [wrote Lippmann], our friends in Western Europe and Latin America had a secure majority in the General Assembly. All of this happened before the world began to see the consequences of the break-up of the British, French, Dutch, Belgian, Portuguese and Spanish empires in Asia and Africa. The successor states have been coming rapidly into the General Assembly, each of them with a vote equal to that of its former overlord. The old Western majority is drowned, and the UN has become a sounding-board and the pressure instrument to complete the liquidation of the old empires. Behind the bloc of the successor states, whenever they wish to call on it for help, stands the power of the Soviet Union.

There is no greater truth than this, and that is what Lord Home intensely dislikes. By making his anti–United-Nations speech in the wrong place and at the wrong time, Lord Home has only caused ridicule among his own supporters. *The Times* of London had to admit that Lord Home's assessment of the debit side of the UN balance-sheet had a little too much red in it.

Countries, with their nationalism and their exuberant individualism, said *The Times*, were bound to be exasperating almost to the limit of endurance. They were bound to shout and vote for intemperate resolutions. The paper reminded his Lordship that colonialism was causing a stir in the United Nations almost from the beginning, before most of the Africans and Asians were admitted.

Instead of advising his oldest ally, Portugal, to abandon her colonial possessions and free the people of Macao, Timor and Angola, Lord Home has found fault with Prime Minister Nehru for freeing the people of Goa, Diu and Daman from the colonial yoke. On the day Lord Home damned Afro-Asian nations for their anti-colonial rôle at the United Nations, Mr. Drew Middleton of *The New York Times* cabled to his paper that the Portuguese possessions were bound to cause the most trouble in the near future. The rule of Portugal inflames, he said, the anti-colonialists to an extent comparable to the Irish enmity of Britain half a century ago. A freedom movement in any of these colonies is bound to attract the sympathies of the anti-colonialists. Middleton's advice to Lord Home was that

the West must live with this situation, in the hope that the enlightened remaining colonial powers like Britain and France would by example sway the others. The United States should say to its European allies, "Go faster," then murmuring, "but not so fast that you leave chaos and opportunity for the Russians." The allies, such as Britain, should say, "We *are* going, though we must choose the pace."

That Lord Home still believes in gunboat diplomacy is obvious from the melodramatic step that he took when India reoccupied Goa. In spite of the fact that only eight or ten British nationals were in Goa, Lord Home dispatched a frigate to "rescue" them. Rescue them from whom? Well, he at least provided a good laugh for the Indian Prime Minister, who was able to assure the British High Commissioner that not only were the eight British lives in safe hands but even the Portuguese nationals in Goa were well looked after. This demonstration of naval strength by Lord Home has cost the British taxpayer a pretty fortune as the frigate had to cover eight hundred miles to reach Panjim.

Lord Home confirmed his faith in gunboat diplomacy once again during the Christmas recess by ordering the British military movements in the Middle East. The world was made to believe that General Kassem was about to launch an attack on Kuwait and Britain had to rush to that tiny old kingdom to protect her independence. This looked foolish when the Kuwait Ambassador in Cairo revealed that Kuwait had not asked Britain for any military assistance to protect itself from Iraqi attacks. Lord Home took the frantic steps because he believed that the Iraqi force would capture the rich oilfields at Radhautain, and the pipelines which carry the 5,000,000 gallons of fresh spring water a day to Kuwait City.

SUNDER KABADI

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** gives us an account of a distinguished French actor's work in and philosophy of the theatre.—ED.]

EVER SINCE I first met Jean Louis Barrault in Paris in August 1947, when, as UNESCO's theatre specialist, I helped arrange the International Theatre Conference, I have followed the achievements of this great actor. I missed few plays during the course of the years — and there were possibly three or four plays like Jean Girardoux's *Intermezzo, L'Echange* (The Exchange) by Paul Claudel, Victorien Sardou's *Madame Sans Gêne* which did not come up to my expectations, but, on the whole, I was full of admiration that seventeen devoted, dedicated actors should run a great theatre — the Marigny — on a repertory basis.

The company has always been called the Madeleine-Renaud–Jean-Louis-Barrault Company. Its object — Jean Louis Barrault himself describes it in his book on the Theatre — was

> to create a theatre and to run it prosperously in the same way as one creates and runs a model farm — the elders supplying the grafts, the adults the bulk of the crops, the younger ones the seeds for new crops.

For a theatre to be good, Barrault believes it is necessary to have three generations of actors and actresses, and to run the theatre on a repertory basis, which means producing new plays. This company has run continuously since 1946, though it has had its ups and downs. In this respect Barrault

would love to quote from *Les Fourberies de Scapin* (Scapin's Tricks) by Molière, who so pertinently put it at one point:—

Un bonheur tout uni nons devient ennuyeux; il faut du haut et du bas dans la vie et des difficultes qui se mêlent aux choses réveillant les ardeurs, augmentent les plaisirs. (Unbroken happiness becomes boring; life must be made up of ups and downs, and the difficulties which we encounter stimulate our enthusiasm and increase our pleasure.)

Jean Louis Barrault is today, by common consent, the most versatile man of the French theatre. Whatever he says in *Nouvelles Reflexions sur le Théatre* or *Le Théatre de Jean Louis Barrault* is worth the most serious consideration. The repertory system — and Barrault stoutly defends it — gives no special privileges to actors. A good actor may play a great part one day, and a small part on the next day; consents to play any part and does well whatever he does. Playing many and very different parts at short intervals enables the actors to widen their range and to discipline their talent. Barrault does not want them to get "bogged down and rusty in routine work."

In his talks and lectures over the radio and on television, and at many theatre festivals, Barrault has a great deal to say about his associations with Paul Claudel and of his abiding love for Kafka, Shakespeare (chiefly *Hamlet*), Racine, Molière, Marivaux, and of course Æschylus's trilogy, the *Oresteia*, which last he has always held is, with *Hamlet*, the greatest of plays.

Barrault, whatever he says, has a delicious way of saying it. I am particularly impressed by his "Rules of Acting." He gives five rules — all simple, yet all important, at least for the European theatre if not everywhere else.

The first rule which an actor must observe is that of making himself heard and understood. This is a matter of politeness.

The second rule rests on observation and imitation. Although here natural gifts play a part, the faculty of observation can be developed by practice and training. There are two methods of observation: the objective and the subjective methods. Look at a box of matches, says Barrault, observe it analytically; concentrate on the wood, marking, writing. Hide the box and describe it objectively. If one practises this method one's sight becomes quicker and sharper. One can apply this method to the observation of one's fellow beings. The subjective method is most important and will bear quoting in full:—

You take only one match but you not only stick to it, you feel it, and you say to yourself: "I become wood or a memory of wood from a Swedish forest. What remains of this body? I am thin, very thin, and elongated, and the slightest pressure would crush me, break me into pieces: I should crack up, crinkle, but those who use me do not crush me but strike me on the box and my head becomes alight, for all my fire is in my head. I live in a congested state, my forehead burns, my ears are red. I am living under the shadow of cerebral hæmorrhage, my fate is to die when I myself generate life, heat and light. My existence consumes me; I am a symbol of life and death at the same time....

This kind of subjective observation develops the art of imitation.

The third rule is called the rule of verisimilitude.

The fourth could be summed up in the words: What am I doing here? It is a rule about environment. A character may think that he is walking in the light and be in darkness, and then the passion against which he is struggling may unsettle his equilibrium, distort his reaction and plunge him into errors.

The fifth rule is the rule of control.

It deals with sincerity and exactness. Barrault does not think sincerity is automatically right. The actor never identifies himself absolutely with the character he is playing, for that is normal in the theatre where life is recreated through art. The acting will be all right if the character is absolutely sincere. The actor must work within the play's setting, keep on remembering his relationship with the other actors in the play, remain aware that he is in the theatre, that he must be heard, that he must stick to the plot, etc.

And then another rule — the rule of rules, one might say — has to be remembered. This may be called the rule of relaxation. If one cannot relax, one becomes tense, often out of timidity. To avoid that one has to learn to concentrate — and to Barrault this concentration and control of the will is the most important rule of all. It is the foundation of the whole discipline of acting. There are many exercises to achieve this — some of these are akin to yogic disciplines — for without relaxation most feats, theatrical, musical, or others, fail miserably. The rest is silence; for this is true of all performances which exist in order to cause silence to vibrate. That is why Barrault has always laid great stress on the mime, of which he is a great master. I first saw his performance in *Les Enfants du Paradis*; nor is that all, his miming has never been ignored. You can see it in his K in Kafka's *Castle*, in Camus' *La Peste* and more recently in Ionesco's *Rhinoceros*.

BALDOON DHINGRA

MEN may be excusable and nevertheless miss happiness, and be tormented in many ways. A horse is excusable for being a horse and not a man; nevertheless he must needs be a horse and not a man. He who cannot rule his passions, nor hold them in check out of respect for the law, while he may be excusable on the ground of weakness, is nevertheless incapable of enjoying conformity of spirit and knowledge and love of God; and he is lost inevitably.

— SPINOZA

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

In a war-torn world, Dr. Verrier Elwin's lectures on the philosophy of love come as a whiff of perfume into a room full of smoke. Love formed the main theme of his three Patel Memorial Lectures delivered in Delhi this year recently. His analysis of the many meanings and many faces of love was both comprehensive and thought-provoking. With an exhaustive study of the subject Dr. Elwin combined a refreshing approach, and his exposition was a charming combination of eloquence and profundity.

In his first lecture, he pointed out how there had been more and more evidence to suggest that co-operation was more important in the evolutionary process than competition, despite the older scientific thesis that struggle was the law of existence and that hatred and war were inevitable.

Discussing love as force and idea, the motivation of the sun and moon, the mystic Unstruck Music, the Platonic *Eros* and the Christian *Agape*, he observed (according to a report in *The Statesman*, New Delhi):—

The religious speak of loving God, the patriotic of loving their country. A man may speak of loving his wife. We may love books, or tennis, or good food. Dr. Johnson found love only one of many passions, and of no great influence on the sum of living. There is the courtly love of the Troubadours, the love of Ovid that is ridiculous appetite, the exalted love of a Buddha or a Ramakrishna. We have all loved, and everyone of us is, or should be, an expert on the subject. But there is the climate of our times. The Kinsey report was not all about love. When we laugh, like Nietzsche it is over the weaklings who think themselves good because they have lame paws. We glorify the negation of love.

Of all these faces, Dr. Elwin chose to speak mainly of the love which goes out to human beings and upwards to the ideal and the divine. He spoke of the spirit of love as being the controlling factor of Mahatma Gandhi's life and non-violence as the first article of his faith. Pointing out that Gandhiji was a true lover for whom love was a fine art and courtesy the finest part of it, he added:—

It was Mahatma Gandhi's unique contribution to have brought love back to the earth. Gandhiji's primary aim was to establish love as a normal and practicable relation between human beings. He defined the biggest religion as ahimsa: the absence of hatred, truth, courage, the love of man that is not quenched by many waters. Love without works, the Mahatma thought, is dead.

In his second lecture, Dr. Elwin spoke of the paradoxical attitude of religion towards family love and sex, and urged the need for the recognition of marriage in family life for what it was, namely, the most perfect practical expression of human love. He said:—

In all human societies, the family is the primary unit of love and tenderness. The domestic love of God makes Him a member of your household. Though, he said, puzzling, there have been great prophets of love with unkind things to say of family ties. Jesus declared that he had come to set a man against his father and a daughter against her mother and that "a man's foes will be those of his own household." St. Paul, a rugged bachelor, appears to have thought little of marriage. Swami Vivekananda said

no one in this world can really love anything but God; that all love in the world is hypocrisy. It is essential that we recognize marriage and family life for what they are: the most perfect practical expression of human love. The family might have become a little unstable, a kind of serial polygamy even, but it remains a focus of loyalty and inspiration of pure affection.

Listing forgiveness, compassion and humility as among the fundamental elements of love, he dilated on the quality of compassion as a rare and difficult virtue, which should not be confused with pity:—

Compassion springs from that sense of identity with other beings that lay at the back of Mahatma Gandhi's belief in Daridranarayana, the God of the poor. In Buddhism, compassion is the very basis of morality, no temporary human code but the voice of the cosmos heard in the ear. With compassion comes also the other aspect of love, not the aspect of bliss but of sorrow that a man's love of another may bring him. There is a wound of love which comes to those who love mankind, as did the Mahatma, and share mankind's tragic frame of living. The Cross [Dr. Elwin said] rather than the lotus of joy is the appropriate symbol of the lover of mankind.

In his third and concluding lecture, he emphasized the truism that if there were to be peace in the world, love must control the policies and the politics of nations. He pointed out how this truth was already realized long ago by the great King Asoka, who had affirmed that love was a vital element in Government. Emphasizing that while love cannot be defined, it cannot equally be mistaken, he spoke of the arrogant myth of race, and of the reasons for wars that resulted in no one's victory. He pointed out that love, being purely of the mind, had to be identified with truth and, therefore, regarded as a philosophy for living. Love is a great healer, he added, and there is great need for healing in man's affairs in our day. He continued:—

When I speak of the healing power of love, I am not thinking of miraculous cures of any kind. I am thinking rather of the power of love that uses the hands of doctor or nurse and the techniques of modern medicine. Man is a social creature; isolated from his fellows, he disintegrates....

War creates a world of enemies. Every war is a civil war; all strife between men is domestic strife. Violence is the ultimate enemy of love. Every religion has preached against violence and the adherents of every religion have forgotten the teaching to which they gave lip-service. Jesus said: Love your enemies; do good to those who hate you; pray for those who treat you spitefully. The early Christians were revolutionary pacifists. That is why it was impossible for Christianity to become a State religion. But this revolutionary faith became respectable, a part of the settled order, and it became possible for Christians to wage war. Buddhism has been more consistent. The *Dhammapada* points out the uselessness of war because both sides lose. Hatred is quenched not by hatred but by love.

In conclusion, Dr. Elwin declared:—

Peace too is no sentiment; if it is to live, it must be founded in the intelligence; there must be a reason for it. We must fight violence with our brains, not simply because we are afraid. That is why a philosophy of love is so important. The likenesses among men are far greater than their differences; race is more a historical myth than a biological reality. Man is born a social being who can reach his fullest development only through interaction with his fellows. The denial at any point of this social bond between man and man brings disintegration with it. In this sense, every man is his brother's keeper.

In the United States there seems to be a certain demand for serious literary and critical reviews, but in Great Brit-

ain, the mortality rate of these, and especially of the "little magazines," run on aspiration and a shoe-string budget, is a heavy one. Among the various publications of such a character that have fallen victims to public indifference or commercialized considerations are *The Adelphi, Life and Letters Today, Poetry Quarterly, Poetry London, Horizon, Scrutiny, Voices, and Penguin New Writing.*

It is noteworthy, therefore, that the monthly *Encounter* has recently published, amid favourable comments from the press, its hundredth issue. Begun in 1953 with a circulation of 10,000, its two present editors, Stephen Spender and Melvin J. Lasky, have brought its readership up to 27,000, chiefly, it is claimed, by a "flair for pin-pointing significant topics." Certainly the impressive list of contributors to its centenary number gives assurance of quality: E. M. Forster, George Orwell, Edith Sitwell, W. H. Auden, R. S. Thomas and others. And THE ARYAN PATH, as a monthly concerned with significant values, which has kept steadily going since January 1930, can add its quota of sympathetic congratulation to the sturdy youngster, and wish it well for the future.

The intoxication of power is one of the great temptations of our age — the drivers at the wheels of their fast cars; the "take-over" rulers of the huge commercial and industrial empires; the scientists, seeking to outdo nature, with their attempted power over birth and growth, as over death; and those who sway the masses for their own purposes by various types of psychological appeal and suggestion; these are only a few examples. In so many ways men work on a far larger scale than even a few generations back. It is doubtless a truism that their sense of responsibility has not grown correspondingly, but the fact is too often ignored, and needs to be hammered home to people's minds and hearts. The following extracts from a B.B.C. talk by the Rev. Alan Booth, Secretary of the Commission of the Churches on International Affairs (*The Listener,* December 21st, 1961), are therefore worth serious thought, even to those who may differ in their conception of "God":—

> No one can deny that the way history is working out now does bring wonderful new potentialities. I would suggest two important respects in which this is true. The first is our ability to master and control our environment.... The second new potentiality is our increasing awareness of ourselves, a self-consciousness if you like, a new respect for our own possibilities, and an understanding of some of the things that we contain.... Our mastery of nature puts us in a position to take our place, you might say, at the creating end of the world, not just at the receiving end — and that, certainly, opens the door to a new fullness of manhood. But what we will create is anybody's guess. And because we have become aware of ourselves and of our human nature in a new way, the possibility is open to us of new dignity, but also of new loneliness and aggressiveness.

Men's false dreams of creating utopia by their own ingenuity reduce life to the "tidy insignificance of a contented kindergarten," because their vision is self-centred and incomplete.

God does not offer mankind mere "welfare" but the opportunity to

> share His knowledge and His power and so share His decisions and his responsibility. ...And as He presses our maturity upon us, there goes with it the possibility that we shall choose to become devils, or shall be faced with issues in which we can learn what it is to be divine. If that is the way God is working, then history moves to no automatic and inevitable benediction but rather to an ever-increasing potentiality for good

and evil, with both developing side by side. It is not evil that is being done away, but impotence — and with potency come all the chances of greater disaster as well as greater achievement.

Each choice "has hidden in it the ultimate choice" between the direct knowledge of the Divine, and the false and partial aims.

A new, non-profit-making, educational Centre for Television Overseas is planned to start in the summer of 1962. It is sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation, whose Director, Dr. L. Farrer-Brown, will be its Chairman, and it is being helped by the British Government, the B.B.C. and independent television companies, as well as various commercial concerns. Its aim is to deal with mass illiteracy, since it is estimated that, as population increases, the figure of 600,000,000 illiterates in the world is bound to rise, and sufficient teachers for personal instruction are out of question. So the Centre's purpose is to help train the staff for new television services in hitherto undeveloped areas, as well as to give help in programme production, especially for schools and adult education.

Every new benefit, however, brings fresh problems. What will be taught and how? The temptation of television is the ease of stressing the materialistic, sense-data aspects of education, at the expense of the intangibles of soul and spirit, without which mere factual knowledge has no "virtue." Literacy can expose its possessors to greater good and equally to greater evil. Those who bring such a gift have the responsibility of performing the work of a true teacher, fostering wisdom as well as disseminating knowledge.

Addressing the golden jubilee function of the Indian Council of Medical Research in Delhi recently, the Vice-President, Dr. Radhakrishnan, reminded research workers that India for the most part had till now been the beneficiary rather than the benefactor as far as scientific advance was concerned. He told medical scientists that if any assessment of their achievements during the past half a century was contemplated, they should make it bearing in mind the spectacular contributions made by others over the same period, and not merely comparing our work with what obtained fifty years ago.

He emphasized the importance of fundamental research, and referred to India's rich heritage in the field of medicine and the need for research workers to re-establish it with ceaseless effort.

REAL PROGRESS is progress in charity, all other advances being secondary thereto.

—R. R. MARETT